HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXVII.—No. 1391.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1883.
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$4.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

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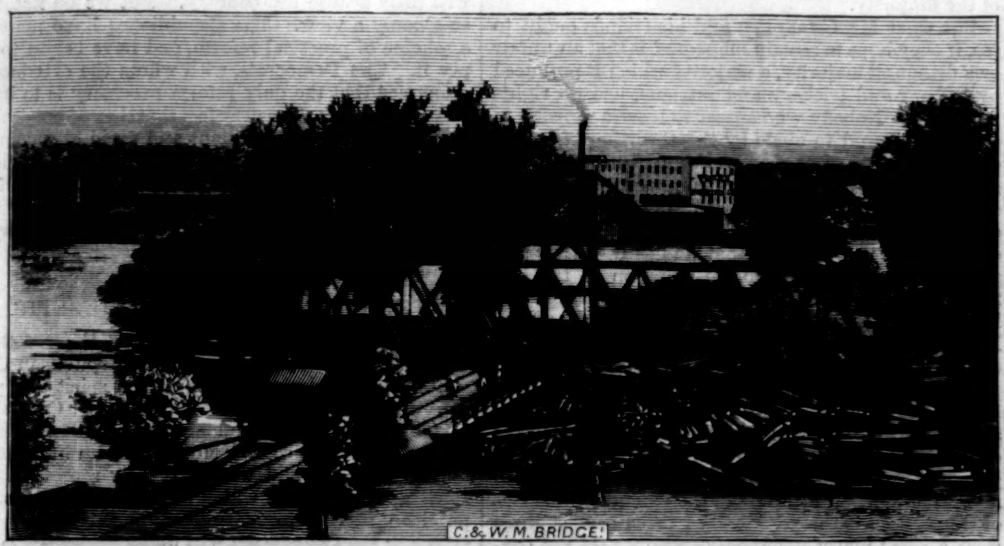

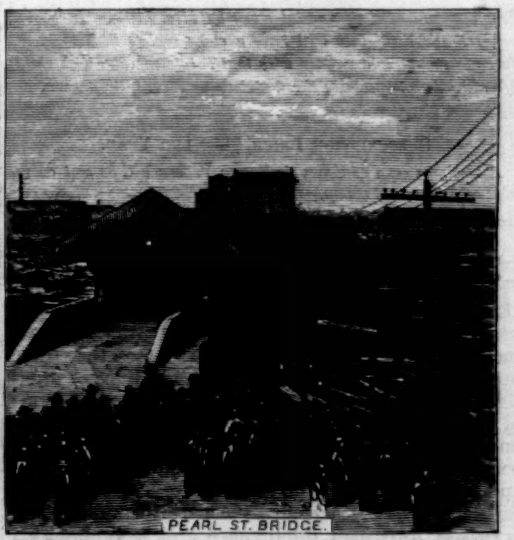

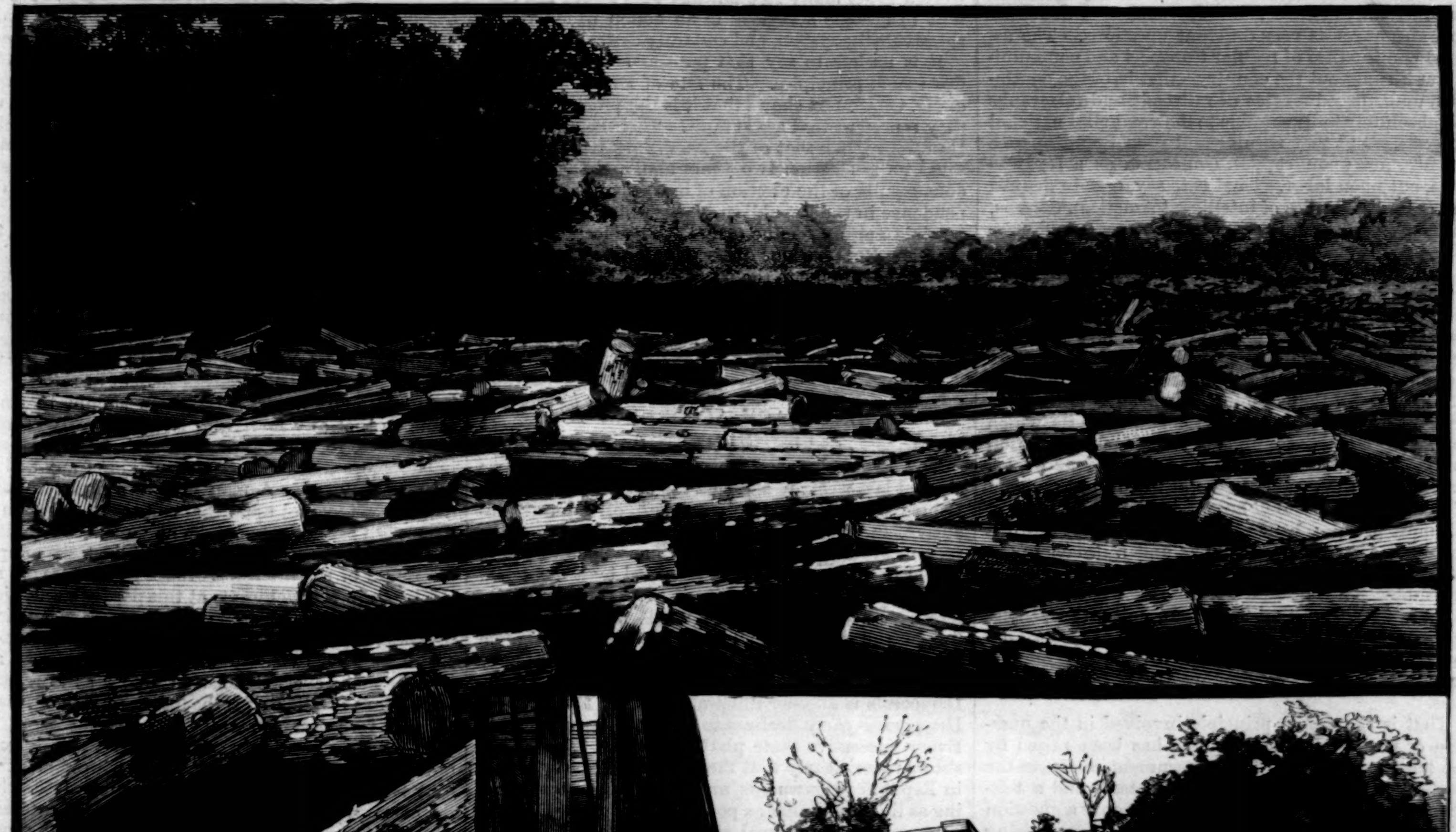

JAM OF LOGS AT GRAND RAPIDS, MICHIGAN.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 526.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1883.

"Its standard is higher than that of any weekly publication for the young, and the literary and art talent devoted to making it pleasing and instructive is the best in America."—BOSTON GLOBE.

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BY LUCY C. LILLIE,

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The publishers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *take pleasure in announcing that in the issue of August 21 they will publish the first chapters of a new serial story by Mrs. Lillie. In "Dick and D." the little folk will have a story replete with incident, full of interest, and written with that rare sympathy with child life which is so especially characteristic of Mrs. Lillie's work.*

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POSTAL TELEGRAPHY.

THE telegraph strike has thus far commanded public respect by its firm and peaceful conduct. It has undoubtedly done more than any similar movement to concentrate general attention upon the power and the possibility of extensive organizations of intelligent and voting labor against similar organizations of capital. Factory labor is largely of foreign origin, and the associations known as trades-unions have been largely under the control of foreign traditions and leadership. But the telegraph operators, like the railway engineers, are chiefly American, and of characteristic American intelligence and feeling. This fact introduces entirely new elements into the situation, and suggests very different questions. The assured continuance of regular transport and communication throughout the country—that is, of the continuous undisturbed service of railroads and telegraphs—is absolutely indispensable to the great vital national interests. But that regular and proper continuance depends, not upon capital, considered as a separate force, but upon labor. That is to say, certain defined and organized bodies of intelligent American citizens, united by a common interest, hold the peace and prosperity of the country in their hands.

The word "labor" has hitherto described a huge ignorant mass of men and women, and "capital" the combination of intelligence and political power. But in America this distinction has largely disappeared; and as one of the two words covers an immense numerical superiority, the prospect is necessarily changed. Some method must be devised, independent of the will of one of the two interests, which shall secure the community against such a situation as that which has prevailed for three or four weeks. Fortunately the trouble began at the dullest moment of a dull season. But how if it had taken place at the most pressing hour of a busy season? How if it had been a strike of telegraphs and railroads in the midst of war? In that case the government would undoubtedly have taken both. But what does that mean? It means that the community, the people, the state, would have done what it held to be essential to the common safety, even if it involved taking private property, and conducting what is called business.

That is the whole principle involved in the question of postal telegraphy, which has been raised by the telegraph strike. The government conducts the Post-office, which is simply "business," and a telegraph supplement to the Post-office is only a question of expediency. Such interruptions as those arising from the strike produce not only incalculable inconvenience, but loss, and it is for the people to decide whether they shall be tolerated. They will be always possible and imminent under the existing conditions of vast counter organizations of labor and capital. They will become more probable as intelligent labor becomes more conscious of its power and capital more selfishly grasping. But the primary source of the situation is monopoly. To destroy the monopoly is of course to relieve the situation. The sneer that it is not the business of a government to go into business is only silly, because the government has gone into business. In the Post-office it has often deliberately gone into a losing business, because the convenience and prosperity of the people are more important than the cost of the service to the Treasury. A general strike of the telegraphs and railways would in a very short time cost the government and country very much more than the construction of a telegraph. The operation of such a work should of course be placed beyond the interference of trading politicians. But it is clear that the expediency of postal telegraphy has become a pressing and important question.

THE FALL OF THE CAUCUS.

THE election of a Republican Senator in New Hampshire has been very interesting as an illustration of the party independence of caucus control. The Republicans who refused to take part in the caucus or be governed by its decision have been very sharply rebuked by Secretary CHANDLER and the papers which agree with him. But a wiser course for him and for them to pursue would be an inquiry into the reasons why the caucus has ceased to command the respect and support of so many Republicans in so many States. The independent members in the New Hampshire Legislature, as in other States, are quite as good Republicans as Mr. CHANDLER, and they acknowledge the necessity of concession in order to maintain a party organization; nor are they less mindful than he that no better rule for the action of a party has been devised than that of the government of the majority.

But what Mr. CHANDLER and his friends ought to see, if they hope to remain managers, is that an unfair or a dishonest majority, a majority which is produced by bribery and trickery and intrigue, has no rights whatever. Nobody who agrees to leave a decision to chance is bound to abide by the throwing of loaded dice or of marked cards. Whoever consents to be governed by the majority contemplates only an honest majority, and he who in any way attempts to secure the greater number of voices by illicit means confesses by that conduct that he has not a fair majority. This is the key to the situation in the late Senatorial contests in New Hampshire and elsewhere. It was justly felt by many intelligent men that Mr. ROLLINS's position enabled him, under various forms of patronage, direct and indirect, to appeal to the cupidity or ambition of members of the Legislature, and in such ways virtually to buy votes. In a general and broad sense he was regarded as a representative of the leadership and control which rests upon bargaining, and which necessarily reduces politics to mere trading. And as one of the chief dependencies of this system is the practically packed caucus, there were a great many Republicans who would not consent to become accessory to an action which would aggravate the system, and certainly destroy the party.

It is useless to say that politics are not possible upon such principles. The fate of Mr. ROLLINS and of Mr. CHANDLER shows that it is the practices which they represent that are at fault. Their defeat in New Hampshire, like that of the New York Senators who sought a re-election two years ago, and the tremendous results of the election of last year, show an independence in the Republican party which is of the best possible augury for the future. The election of neither Mr. ROLLINS nor of Mr. CHANDLER would have been of advantage to the party, because it would have been the triumph of a kind of politics which has been the heaviest burden of the party, and which it is evident that vast numbers of Republicans do not mean longer to bear.

DEMOCRACY ACCORDING TO PENNSYLVANIA.

THE Pennsylvania Democrats, to whose action we alluded last week, re-affirmed the demand of the Ohio Democracy for the encouragement of domestic industry, and demanded also the entire abolition of the present system of internal taxation. Such abolition would leave the revenue to be raised by a tariff tax, and it is therefore the plan of the protectionist interest. But as the internal tax is laid upon superfluities and luxuries, and the tariff tax is levied upon necessities and raw material, the former is evidently more just. But the declaration of the Pennsylvania Democrats is another illustration of the fact that the Democratic party declines to make the tariff an issue. Every successive State platform which it proclaims shows more clearly that the Democratic party is clad in Republican garments, and seeks power by assuming as little difference as possible from the Republican party. But the animal which strutted in the lion's skin was not taken for the lion.

The Pennsylvania Democrats begin by asserting their fidelity to their "fundamental faith," and declare that they "uphold the sanctity of personal liberty." Indeed! and since when? The Republican party arose because the Democratic party despised the sanctity of personal liberty. They continue, loftily: "The people should only be taxed so much as is absolutely indispensable for the frugal conduct of their affairs, not one cent for surplus, and no unnecessary taxation." But the Republican President had already said it. In his annual Message last December President ARTHUR said, "Only such taxes ought to be levied as are necessary for a wise and economical administration of the government; of late the public revenues have far exceeded the limit;" and he recommended that they be checked. The Republican Congress checked them accordingly. How is this an appeal for support of the Democratic party?

But the most amusing clause of the Pennsylvania Democratic creed is that which concerns faith in civil service reform. "They"—that is, the Democracy of Pennsylvania—"believe in that genuine and deep-reaching civil service reform which consists in the election to office of honest, intelligent, capable, and courageous public servants, who will faithfully administer their trust, and who will be held to strict accountability for such a discharge of it, and who will redeem and purge the departments of the general government from that corruption and fraud with which they have been permeated under Republican rule, and which that party has shown itself unable and unwilling to eradicate." This is the latest version of the Democratic demand for reform of the civil service, and it is simply turning out the Republicans. It is nothing whatever but a cry for the spoils, and there can be no doubt that a Democratic victory would be equivalent to a swift and clean sweep of the entire civil service, down to the laborers and scrub-women. The result would be so startling and disturbing that the country would vigorously protest. In the opinion of an earnest Democratic reformer nothing else will fully arouse the country. But we do not take so gloomy a view. The Republicans have matured a scheme of practical reform, and have begun to apply it. The Democrats, with whom the evil began, announce that the only reform necessary is to bring them into power. The very fact that they do not declare for the vigorous enforcement and rapid extension of the reformed system already established is the conclusive evidence of the Democratic abandonment of all reform except that which is accomplished by virtuous professions of the exceeding purity of the Democratic party.

THE CONTEST IN MASSACHUSETTS.

THE selection of Colonel CHARLES R. CODMAN as the president of the Massachusetts Republican Convention is an admirable sign of the spirit and purpose of the party in that State. Colonel CODMAN is a vigorous, sagacious, and independent Republican, whose independence does not make him impracticable or visionary, and who especially represents the spirit and perception which are indispensable to Republican success in Massachusetts this year. His speech at the Convention will undoubtedly strike the key-note of the contest, and show that there is really but one object to be sought at the election by honorable and self-respecting Massachusetts men, and that is the defeat of BUTLER. The Boston *Herald* well defines the sole issue as Butlerism. That word describes a spirit and methods and tendencies which are radically hostile to all that the word Massachusetts means in American history and in the hearts of Massachusetts citizens. The issue is perfectly distinct, and no one need misunderstand it.

Every voter who desires decent politics and the preservation of the good name of the State will gladly support any reputable Republican candidate who may be nominated against BUTLER. There has been some report of the unwillingness of certain Republicans to support this or that man because, although of undoubted honesty and ability, he may not be zealous enough in this or that movement of reform. It is incredible, however, that there should be many such, or that any man who is intelligently devoted to any wise reform should not see that all progress is impossible until the chief obstruction of any real reform is removed. A man may be a little too warm or a little too cool upon the temperance question or upon civil service reform; he may seem to be a little too strong or a little too weak upon the tariff or upon the repeal of the internal revenue; but these are not the issues in Massachusetts at this particular election, and a temperance or civil service reform Republican might as wisely have refused to vote for GARFIELD in 1880 because his views upon those subjects may not have been in every detail satisfactory as to reject a Republican candidate for the Governorship of Massachusetts for the same reasons.

Votes at an election where there is a plainly paramount issue can be wisely cast only with reference to that issue. In the national election of 1860, when the overshadowing question was that of the extension of slavery, a man would have been crazy who should have refused to support Mr. LINCOLN because he might not have been sound upon the tariff. In 1864, when the real question was the vigorous prosecution of the war, to have refused to vote for him because he was too slow about emancipation would have been idiotic. So in Massachusetts at this election the commanding question is, Shall BUTLER be Governor? and this question must determine every man's vote. Some Republican candidate, indeed, may be nominated whose views upon certain subjects may not be wholly satisfactory to certain Republicans. But this need not repel them. For instance, BUTLER professes to favor woman suffrage. A Republican candidate may be presented who does not favor it. A voter who is friendly to that cause must then ask himself whether BUTLER's profession of interest in the subject outweighs all the mischief which the official supremacy of such a man necessarily brings upon the State. So BUTLER, in an interview last winter, expressed the most excellent sentiments upon civil service reform. But in view of his actual course upon this subject, and of the whole conduct of his administration, can any honest civil service reformer really think that he

serves the cause either by voting for BUTLER or by refusing to support an honorable and worthy opposing candidate who has made no such professions? We do not believe that there is a corporal's guard of such voters in Massachusetts who at this election would refuse their votes to a sound and honest Republican because he did not hold their precise views of civil service reform.

A WORD IN SEASON.

THE friends of the Niagara Falls reservation have thus far been singularly discreet in their conduct of the enterprise, and it would be unfortunate if the reservation should now be imperiled by extravagant demands. The report of the Commissioners will be presented to the next Legislature, and it will probably recommend the purchase by the State of the land essential to the design. There will probably be some opposition, as to every public project of the kind, and the conclusive argument for the adoption of the expected proposition of the Commission will be that the land to be taken is essential to the object contemplated.

This, it seems to us, should be borne constantly in mind by all friends of the reservation. An enlargement of the plan, however pleasant and desirable in itself, would probably defeat the main purpose. The proposition has proceeded from the first upon a definite line, according to the report of the Commissioners of the State Survey in 1880, which was transmitted to the Legislature by ex-Governor SEYMOUR, the president of the board.

The essential point is admirably stated in a letter to the *Sun* by Mr. J. B. HARRISON, the corresponding secretary of the association:

"I was convinced that the intelligent people of the State would provide for the preservation of the scenery about the Falls of Niagara if the matter could be presented to them plainly and honestly. But I do not believe they will favor the extension of the proposed reservation several miles down the river, past the village of Suspension Bridge, so as to include the region around the Whirlpool. The scenery there is not threatened with destruction, as it is near the Falls, nor is the State ownership of the land so far down the river essential to the interest or value of the scenery of Niagara. This enormous enlargement of the proposed reservation, and of its cost, if seriously urged by friends of the movement, would, I think, insure the defeat of the original enterprise, and should rightly have that result."

This passage undoubtedly expresses the views of the association, and of those who have been most persistent in advocating the enterprise.

THE OBELISK CRABS.

PROFESSOR A. C. MERRIAM, of Columbia College, has written a monograph upon the Obelisk crab inscriptions, which the HARPERS have neatly published, as becomes one of the most thorough works of archæological scholarship ever accomplished in this country. The obelisk known as the GORRINGE obelisk, from the gallant officer who raised it successfully and transported it to this country, originally rested upon four bronze sea crabs. Two had been stolen, and the two that remained were seriously broken and defaced.

The inscriptions upon them had been deciphered in Alexandria, and the interpretation had been accepted by European scholars. It was repeated in this country by Mr. FEUARDENT, who has for some years assailed upon archæological grounds the honesty of the Director of the Metropolitan Art Museum. The Alexandrian interpretation was also accepted by Commander GORRINGE, who claims, however, to be neither an archæologist nor an Egyptologist. The Alexandrian interpretation, however, was wholly inaccurate. The original pair of crabs having been deposited in the Museum, the Trustees referred the question of the inscriptions to President BARNARD, of Columbia, and he to Dr. MERRIAM, Adjunct Professor of Greek in the college.

Professor MERRIAM has shown the error of the Alexandrian rendering in a way perfectly satisfactory, testing his work at every point by contemporary facts already known, so that his essay is conclusive. He corrects dates and names, but with a modest courtesy and an appreciation of the peculiar difficulties which obstructed the previous examinations which are as honorable as his own scholarly spirit and skill are evident. The monograph is a credit to American scholarship of which we may well be proud. Professor MERRIAM has broken a lance with MOMMSEN, and come off victorious. For MOMMSEN, accepting the Alexandrian interpretation, had held that the temple before which the obelisks stood had not been erected to AUGUSTUS, but by AUGUSTUS to his father, JULIUS. To have corrected MOMMSEN is a bright laurel for an American scholar.

A SIDE LIGHT.

IT is amusing to see from a letter of the writer known as "Ouida" that the question of an international copyright is beginning to present itself in England in a new light. The competition of American fiction in the English market arouses at least the apprehension of Ouida. "What I want to know," she says, "is this: On what terms are American novels republished by London publishers? It is a question of vital interest to all English authors."

It is natural that she should think American novels to be overestimated in England, but she is not wrong in saying that the question is one of common interest to authors and publishers. It is very clear that if books were not written, publishers would not exist, and if authors were not rewarded, fewer books would be written. In two neighboring countries of the same language and traditions, but of different governments, as the literary supply becomes more equalized in any department, the question of copyright will inevitably arise from the side both of the writer and the publisher of books, and the attempt to separate their interests will be futile.

This is the precise situation for which the "arrangement" of which Ouida has evidently heard was proposed, and the opposition to which has come from some of one of the interested parties. It is a very sensible and practicable scheme, and by far the most promising that has ever been suggested. It is the English publishers that Ouida must persuade. English authors already agree with the great body of American authors and publishers.

OLD AND NEW.

WHEN Judge HOADLY returns from Alabama he will undoubtedly explain the statement of Mr. WOODWARD, of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, that the Judge told him that "MCLEAN had made his nomination cost him too much money." The fact that Judge HOADLY has been nominated as the Democratic candidate for the Governorship of Ohio can not have changed the man, and whatever may have been said of him hitherto, his personal veracity has never been impeached. He stated in the strongest manner to Governor FOSTER that the story of his buying the nomination was an unqualified lie, and he demanded the name of the liar. The author of the story has now repeated it in detail, and Judge HOADLY can not rest upon his previous general denial.

The incident forecasts the character of the purely personal campaign which menaces us next year. Whoever may be nominated upon either side will be assailed with accusations which will at least trouble, if they do not persuade, many voters, and under which all questions of policy or administration will disappear. The ludicrous personal tattle about Mr. TILDEN is another illustration of it. Both the HOADLY and the TILDEN stories show the sweet harmony which prevails in Democratic circles, and which certainly is not surpassed by that of the Republicans.

Meanwhile Judge HOADLY's "new Democracy" does not plainly appear. All that his nomination, which was hailed as the dawn of a brighter day, has yet accomplished is to show that the better spirit and hope of progress which he was supposed to represent are heartily hated by the old Democracy.

A LATE DISGRACE.

THE savage brutality of the mob in the draft riots, the frenzied delight in human suffering and the mad inhumanity which they revealed, were appalling to many persons who had not believed that in any American city in this year of civilization such barbarism was possible. It showed how absolutely cruel and fierce is a certain class of the population. But it was no stronger evidence of it than the spectacle of the late prize-fight at the Madison Square Garden.

Nothing could be more disgusting than the reports of that fight in the papers of the next day, and it was the more striking that the scene was not some noted criminal and notorious quarter of the town, but the very centre of its most refined population. Two men stood up in the presence of a vast ignorant and imbruted crowd, and, amid savage yells of excitement and fury, knocked and pounded each other until one, half blind and senseless from the encounter, was taken away.

The most significant commentary upon the incident is the fact that it was treated by the papers as an event certain to be of profound and especial interest to the intelligent public that reads newspapers. Elaborate descriptions of every repulsive detail were printed in many of the papers. Of course it was not news. Two men engaged in "knocking each other out"—that is, in beating each other to a bloody jelly—can be of no conceivable interest to intelligent and civilized people except as a curious illustration of the persistence of the brute in man, and of the most degraded forms of barbarism in the midst of civilization.

PERSONAL.

A PERSON who calls himself a "phrenologist and physiognomist" is decorating the front windows of some New York stores with photographs of eminent Americans, to which he has affixed certain written descriptions of character. "The long, narrow face and head," he writes in one instance, "are inclined to work for the interest of others as well as for their own. PETER COOPER and HENRY BERGH are examples." Then follow photographs of those two philanthropists. Persons about to marry will please take notice.

—The strength of marital affection in the United States navy is the subject of complimentary notice on the part of Secretary CHANDLER. He is compelled, however, for the expected good of the service, to issue a general order forbidding naval officers on cruising war vessels to transfer their families to places of abode where the said officers may see them more frequently and conveniently. But suppose the feminine heads of those families take it into their minds to travel where they please. Has the Secretary power over them too? Or does he assume that husbands are always bosses?

—In the column of "Wants" in a New York morning journal appears this unusual advertisement: "Can any one give a deserving young gentleman a situation? Is capable of assuming any office work, or would accept a light porter's position. Will work for a moderate salary, as he is in very great need. Best references given. Address," etc. As ill luck would have it, the compositor made a mistake in the number of the post-office box given as a part of the address. He set it up 071, omitting the figure for the thousands; and the unfortunate advertiser, who is "in very great need," must be put to the delay, if not to the expense, of advertising again, even his advertisement having turned against him.

—Mr. FRANK W. SMITH, of Toledo, Ohio, a Union soldier of the late war, has collected funds for the purchase of about fourteen thousand United States flags, which he proposes to place on the graves of the Union soldiers who lie buried within the National Cemetery at Andersonville, Georgia. "It will take," he says, "thirteen thousand seven hundred and sixteen, allowing one flag for each grave. The remaining six hundred and eighty-four will be used in decorating a mound in memory of the twenty-four thousand two hundred and eighty-four other brothers who are buried in cemeteries near the Southern prisons." Mr. SMITH was himself once a prisoner within the stockades of Andersonville.

—We are permitted to quote an interesting extract from a private letter just received by Colonel KEATING, of the Memphis *Appeal*, from Mr. ALVIN C. VORIS, a lawyer of Akron, Ohio: "My attention was called to your attitude respecting the sectional feeling and differences of the different parts of our country, and especially between the North and South, by an item published in the Personals of HARPER'S WEEKLY of July 19. Permit me as a soldier of the late war, fighting against you and your people, to say that I regard such men as you as exhibiting the truest type of the American patriot. I am glad to know that you have the courage to openly and cordially urge upon your people the necessity of cultivating fraternal relations with the people of the North. Ever since the close of the war I have on all proper occasions advocated this policy, and in public at times and places when the contrary doctrine would have taken much better with the masses. But now our people are anxious to be friends with your people upon the broad plane of business—social and political reciprocity. I need not say to you I am a Republican, and about as black as they make them."

—As a companion piece to a description recently given in this column of Mr. GEORGE W. CHILDS's Queen Anne villa in the suburbs of Philadelphia, we quote the following from a new book: "The appointments of Mr. CHILDS's city mansion in Walnut Street, Philadelphia, reflect a sumptuous motive, and money was not spared by the architect, who had received *carte blanche*. The trimmings of the doors are of Tennessee and black marble, and the wainscoting of Lake Champlain marble, with small panels faced with Siena. The ceiling of the marble vestibule is of Carrara stone, and the marble for the walls from Lake Champlain. Most of the woods are rich foreign specimens, satin-wood especially. The drawing-room and music-room, separated by an arch with highly decorated pillars, are an adaptation of the French Renaissance style about the time of MARIE ANTOINETTE, and have wainscotings of amaranth-wood, immense wall panels of crimson satin, and ceiling decorations of elaborate papier-maché and fresco work, and when lighted by the magnificent chandeliers, with their profusion of Florentine glass pendants, present an effect of the most brilliantly elegant description."

—One of M. DE LESSEPS's ten children has been very ill of typhoid fever, and his natural anxiety for the little fellow has been written about and telegraphed about as something strange. "While John Bull," says a Paris correspondent, "has imagined that M. DE LESSEPS was straining his heart about the second canal in Egypt and the fiery uplift of public opinion in England, the venerable engineer was concentrating all his energies upon the means for a sick child's recovery, and was bowing his white hairs with loving earnestness over a trundle-bed." Why should he not have been, unless the business of canal-digging destroys parental affection, or Frenchmen do not love their children?

—Speaking of the refusal of England to buy the Ashburnham collections of pictures and manuscripts, the London *Saturday Review* says: "There is nothing surprising in this conduct, nothing unusual, nothing peculiar to one or other of the great parties in the state. Lord BEACONSFIELD's government, before annexing Cyprus, let the Cypriote collection of General CESNOLA be sold to America for a song. The Americans are now depreciating the value of their purchase: we wish they would sell it back at cost price. It is a matter of taste; but one single gem—an emerald engraved with the story of Boreas and Orithyia—seemed to us as desirable as even the Ashburnham MS. decorated by the pencil of PERUGINO and his great contemporaries. However, it is idle to make these comparisons with accuracy, because the country has lost the treasures which it would have been a pleasure to compare—the finest works of the generation before PHIDIAS and of the generation before RAFFAELLE. They are most probably going into the possession of people who do not yet seem quite capable of understanding the measure of their own good fortune."

—President GRÉVY compliments the Pope. "LEO XIII.," he says, "is not, perhaps, what may be called a Liberal, but he comprehends Liberal ideas, if he does not share them"—which is true of most persons of education; "he is an honest, well-meaning man"—which shows that the President must have been admitted into the Pope's closest intimacy, as the French say, else how could he have become acquainted with the foundations of his moral nature?

—One of the most picturesque towns of the Southern Tyrol is Primiero; but the traveller's sleep there is disturbed. Every half-hour during the night a loud voice is heard somewhat as follows, "Urr-r-r dieci ore, niente di nuovo"—that is to say, "Ten o'clock, and nothing new." It proceeds from the watchman, or sentinel, who makes his way through the streets announcing the periodic flight of time and the safety of things in general.

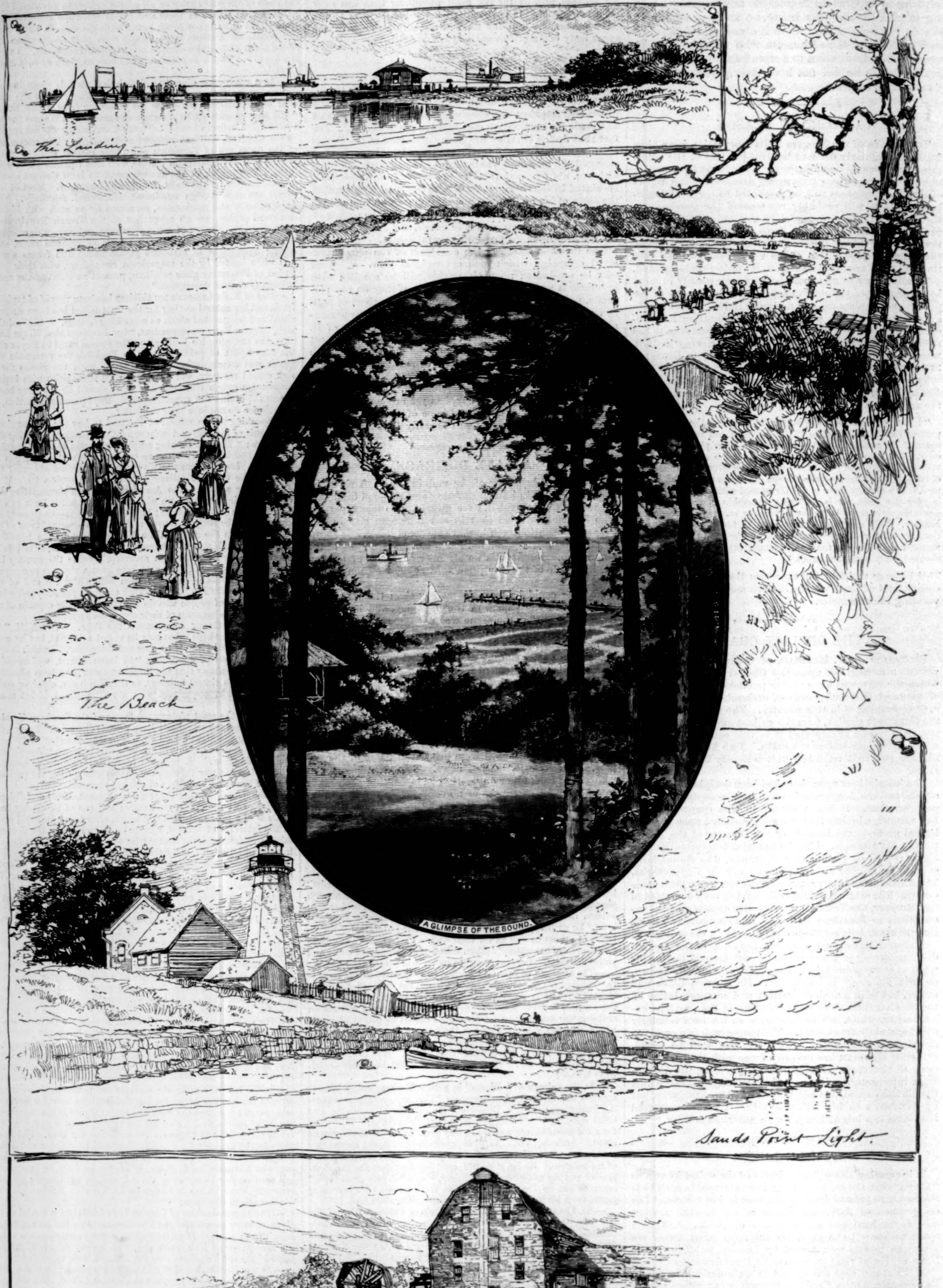
—The hero of WILKIE COLLINS's latest novel, *Heart and Science*, is a doctor who practices vivisection; and one of its closing incidents is of a poor mutilated dog which, after being operated upon in the interests of science, refuses to go away from the doctor's laboratory (although the doctor tries to drive him out), but lingers in spite of all rebuffs, and licks his torturer's hands.

—"A Confirmed Diner-out" writes to the *Pall Mall Gazette* against "the tyranny of champagne." At all London dinners, he says, the staple of the entertainment is that effervescent fluid, whether the meal is served at a private house or at a club, at a bachelor's rooms or at a hotel. "How well one knows the routine! First the glass of sherry after your soup, then the glass of hock (generally rather thin) after the fish, and then the inevitable. Every wine-merchant will tell you that champagne is the wine most fatiguing to the palate to taste; and if to taste, how much more so to drink continuously! On the other hand, the least irksome wine to taste is claret. Now, since at a London dinner party one is obliged to be two hours in a space more or less confined and hot, why should not clarets have a chance?"

—On the position of women in Germany, a British ex-consul, Mr. HENRY RUFFLES, writes: "Woman is made to perform every kind of degrading labor. She prepares the fields for planting; she drives the oxen and holds the plough; and not unfrequently she takes the place of the ox before the plough. She sows the seed and tills the soil; she shovels, she hoes, she reaps; she gathers the harvest; she threshes the grain and carries it to the mill; she grinds it at the mill; she markets the products of her small strip of land to buy bread for her children and beer for her lord and master; she does the work and the drudgery in the factories; she is the scavenger for cleaning the streets, and for gathering offal in the cities and highways for enriching the land. She does everything but play soldier and hang around beer shops and drink beer from early morn until late at night." But every adult American who has travelled in Spain, in France, in Italy, or in Austria has seen similar instances of the degradation of women; and on returning home, he has had to go no further than Harlem Flats to witness others like them.

—The city authorities of London have instituted a medal to be given to every member of the Fire Brigade who has served faithfully fifteen years. It would require a good many medals if all the merchants of New York city, who served faithfully fifteen years in the old Volunteer Fire Department, were to be decorated.

—An apt illustration of WILL CARLETON's poem, "Over the Hills to the Poor-house," has occurred in Cleveland, Ohio. An old man named JONATHAN C. BOWLES died recently at the city infirmary, seventy-five years of age, childless, friendless, and alone. Years ago he was wealthy, and owned a large hotel in East Cleveland, on the spot where Adelbert College now stands, and later was an affluent merchant. He is said to have been twice worth $100,000, lost in real estate speculations, and to have always possessed a horror of going to the poor-house. Among the papers found in his moth-eaten old satchel was discovered a well-marked copy of WILL CARLETON's poem, "Over the Hills to the Poor-house." Other things in his possession were $7000 in worthless stock certificates of a Colorado silver mine, a letter certifying that he was a good Methodist, and six cents. These were what remained of two large fortunes. No relative or friend of the poor old man was found to give the body other than a charity burial, and it was interred in the cemetery connected with the poor-house.



SANDS POINT, LONG ISLAND.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 519.]

THIRLBY HALL.*

By W. E. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mdlle. De Mersac," "No New Thing," "Heaps of Money," etc.

CHAPTER IX.—(*Continued.*)

MY UNCLE IS DISAPPOINTED IN ME.

It was some days before I saw her again. Not that I did not make many attempts and invent divers ingenious pretexts to secure a meeting; but, from one cause or another, none of these proved successful; and when I did meet her it always so chanced that there was a third person present. For more than a week this constant ill luck pursued me. If I lay in wait for Maud in the village, all I gained by it was the privilege of sharing her society with Mrs. Bunce or some other intrusive old woman; if I walked over to the Rectory, there was no getting rid of the Rector; and although, upon these occasions, she was as friendly as ever, that was not what I desired. I wanted to see her alone, and I was not at all sure that I wanted her to be friendly. At least, I wished her to show some consciousness that there had been a coolness between us, and that it was owing to that coolness that I had absented myself at Easter; whereas she appeared determined to ignore both these circumstances. At the end of a fortnight it became evident that Maud was avoiding me purposely, and I was growing very indignant, not to say sulky, when the opportunity which always comes to those who wait came to me.

On the northeast shore of Thirlby Broad, in the part where the reeds and rushes are highest, and where the woods meet the water, there is a little quiet creek, in which, long ago, a rotten old flat-bottomed punt used always to lie moored. It was seldom visited, save by sportsmen, the treacherous nature of the ground over which it must be approached making it somewhat difficult of access; and indeed the spot has no attractions powerful enough to tempt any one into risking a wetting in order to reach it, unless it be at the hour of sunset, when, looking down the vista of reeds, you get a curious narrowed view of what looks like a lake of fire. Seen thus, as through a funnel, the distance is greatly exaggerated, so that to the eye of the imaginative spectator those dazzling ripples appear to stretch far away to the very edge of the world, and to lose themselves at last in the bosom of the great sinking sun himself. Some ragged stakes rise huge and black in the foreground, and in the middle distance is a tiny islet overgrown with bulrushes; but the opposite shore can not be seen, because of the mist which hangs over it, and which seems to form one with the red glory of the sky. Such as it is, that scrap of landscape has remained clearly stamped upon my memory, from which the outlines of many more notable ones have faded away; for it was at the spot and the hour which I have attempted to describe that I came unexpectedly upon Maud Dennison one still summer evening, and it was then and there that an interview of the highest importance and interest took place.

I had strolled down to the Broad to satisfy myself as to the well-being of some ducks which Bunce and I had left among the reeds as a decoy; and it is probable that if I had had the smallest suspicion that I was likely to encounter Maud in the course of my walk I should not have arrayed myself in my oldest clothes and a pair of high wading boots. There, however, she was, sitting in the punt, with her back turned toward me and her hands clasped round her knees, and I could not allow a mere question of costume to stand between me and the happiness of joining her. She started up from her contemplation of the sunset when the splash of advancing steps caught her ear, and, on recognizing me, made as though she would have disembarked and retired; but she did not act upon this impulse, because, for one thing, she could not have stepped upon firm land without some preliminary manœuvring with the punt pole, and, for another, I was not going to let her escape; and doubtless determination was written upon my brow.

"Why do you always treat me as if I had the plague?" I asked, reproachfully, after I had waded up to the side of the punt, and had been allowed the privilege of holding her slim fingers for a moment. "You would have bolted now if it hadn't happened to be physically impossible; you invariably do bolt as soon as I appear. I wish you would tell me why."

As she made no reply, I added, pathetically, "And I had such lots of things to say to you, too!"

She had resumed her seat and her former attitude, and was now once more devoting the whole of her attention to the sunset, instead of to me. "Say on," she returned, composedly.

"I will," said I, "as soon as you have answered my question."

She turned her head for a moment to inquire, "Did you ask me a question?"

"You know I did. I asked you why you always run away from me now."

"Oh, I am sure I never ran."

"You walked very fast, at all events. Honestly now: isn't it true that you have been trying to keep out of my way for the last fortnight?"

Maud hesitated for a short space, but at last made up her mind to say: "Oh yes; it is quite true, since you will insist upon knowing. I have my reasons for wishing to deprive you of my company just at present."

"And might I inquire what those reasons are?"

"No, you might not. They are stupid reasons. Or rather they are good reasons enough of their kind, only they can't very well be talked about without some embarrassment—which is certainly stupid. Does that satisfy you?"

"Not a bit," I replied.

"Ah, then I am afraid you will have to remain in a state of dissatisfaction. That will help you to sympathize with me, for if ever any one had cause to be dissatisfied I have. My power in the parish is a thing of the past: Mrs. Farquhar meets me and beats me at every turn. I suppose you know that she has quarrelled with the Ebenezer man, and is coming back to church, with a whole flock of parishioners at her heels. What makes it so humiliating is that I was bringing them round, one by one, and she knew it. She fights like Napoleon, by moving large masses, which is quite destructive of all the finer tactics of warfare. But I don't want to talk about my afflictions: let us hear one of the many things that you have to say to me."

I observed that, to begin with, I should very much like to know why she had scorned the dog which I had been at such pains to select for her.

"More questions!" she exclaimed, laughing. "I wish you would try to adopt some other style of conversation, Charley. I hate answering questions."

"And letters too, it seems," I remarked.

"My father answered yours for me. I didn't scorn the little dog at all; I was very sorry to be obliged to refuse him. But—well, I had a reason for that also."

"And also a reason that can't be mentioned?"

"A reason that it would be embarrassing to mention, as I said before. And yet," she added, after a momentary silence, "I don't know why I should allow myself to be embarrassed by it, after all: perhaps you may as well be told. It was only that Mrs. Farquhar came to call one day, and said disagreeable things about our being so much together. What she says is of no great consequence, perhaps; but it made me rather angry at the time, and I was determined that she should have no excuse for doing it again."

Maud delivered herself of this explanation in a perfectly unconcerned voice; but it seemed to me that a faint reflection of the pink sunset glow had found its way into her cheeks.

"So that's why you wouldn't have poor old Scamp!" I exclaimed. "Now I understand it all; and if you only knew what a weight you have lifted off my mind, you would wish you had spoken a little sooner. I left the poor little man up at Oxford, because I thought it would be unfair upon him to bring him into company where he was despised; but now I shall send for him at once, and I shall be very much astonished if you don't fall in love with him at first sight. I suppose you won't consent to accept him yet; but I consider that he is your property, and I shall hand him over to you as soon as we get rid of Mrs. Farquhar. And that won't be a very long time to wait, because I shall slay her with my own hands if she goes on behaving in this outrageous way."

Maud, with her chin supported by her hand, was gazing at the misty distance, and made no rejoinder for some minutes. "You ought not to speak against Mrs. Farquhar," she remarked at length; "she is quite devoted to you."

"I don't want her devotion," I returned, ungratefully.

"You may want it some day—though it is very uncertain whether you will keep it, I should think." And then, after another interval of silence, "You have been let into the family secret, I hear."

"Yes. Did you know of it all along?"

"I guessed what it must be; and then Mrs. Farquhar spoke about it quite openly. She thinks all will go smoothly now; her only fear is that you may be quixotic enough to hunt out the lost sheep and abdicate in his favor. She asked me whether I thought you were likely to be so irrational as to cut your own throat; but I told her I didn't know you sufficiently well to give an opinion. It was then that she began to make unpleasant speeches."

"I don't want to stand between father and son," I said, with a twinge of conscience as I remembered how my enthusiasm in this matter had cooled down. "I made up my mind from the first that I would bring them together again if I could. Don't you think yourself that I ought?"

She did not answer at first; but presently she said, slowly, "Yes, I think you ought."

"Then," said I, "you may be sure that I shall try."

"But I hope you won't succeed," she added.

"Why not?"

"Oh, one may wish one's friends to be heroic, but one is not bound to wish that they should be turned out into the cold."

"I shouldn't mind that a bit," I declared, "if you thought me heroic for doing it. Maud, there's nothing I wouldn't do to please you. I care a great deal more for one word from you than for all the houses and lands in Norfolk."

"Won't you catch cold if you stand up to your knees in water much longer?" she asked, altogether disregarding this hyperbolic compliment.

"What can I do?" said I. "I'm afraid I couldn't get into the punt without upsetting it."

"I beg you will not attempt any such thing. But I see no reason why you should not return to the bank."

"And shout across the water to you? No, thank you; I prefer to stay where I am. Maud," I continued, resting my arms on the edge of the punt, and looking up into her face (for the mention of the circumstance that our names had been coupled together by Mrs. Farquhar had greatly emboldened me)—"Maud, do you know why I kept away from Thirlby at Easter?"

"I can't imagine," she replied, with something disagreeably like a quiver of suppressed laughter in her voice. "What can have been your motive? Did you withdraw into a sequestered nook in order to carry on your studies without danger of interruption?"

"No," I returned, somewhat tartly; "I didn't. I went larking about the country in a dog-cart with another fellow. After the way you had behaved about Scamp, I was sure you didn't care to see me, and I wasn't going to come home only to be made miserable. So I thought I would enjoy myself and forget you; only of course I couldn't, and— But what is the use of my saying all this?" I broke off. "I believe you know it all; I believe you know everything, really."

"Know everything?" she repeated, turning round with raised eyebrows.

"I mean everything that there is to know about me. You know

"SHE DID NOT ANSWER; BUT SHE DID NOT WITHDRAW HER HAND."

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1381.

that"—I came to a full stop here, checked by the thumping of my heart, and by the sinking sensation which always precedes a leap or a plunge; however, I conquered it at once, and ended my sentence in a perfectly unequivocal manner—"you know that I love you."

She made no reply, but sat perfectly motionless, with her head still turned away from me; and so long did this silence continue that at last I was obliged to repeat, in a tone of entreaty, "You do know it, don't you?"

"Yes, I know you think so," she said, quietly.

"Think so!" I cried—"*think* so! You might as well say that I *think* I am alive. If I can be sure of anything in the world, I am sure of my love for you. It began the very first day that I saw you; it has always been the same ever since; and it always will be the same as long as I live."

"I suppose people always say that when they are in love," Maud remarked, bending over the side of the boat, and drawing her fingers absently through the water. And I doubt whether she heard much of the eager asseverations which I proceeded to pour forth; for she jumped up abruptly while I was in the midst of my harangue, and said it was time to go home. "Will you pull the punt to the bank, please, and let me get out?"

"Very well," I said; "but you will give me an answer before you go?"

"Let me land first." And presently she laid her hand lightly on my shoulder, and sprang ashore, saying, calmly, "Good-night, Charley."

"And my answer?" said I.

She laughed as she looked down upon me from the bank. "You haven't asked me anything," she observed. "You have only been making statements, and they don't require an answer."

"Then," I returned, "I will ask you something now. Maud, whatever you may say, you know that I love you. Do you—can you—"

"That's enough," she interrupted; "I don't want you to ask any more. Supposing—only you are not to suppose anything of the kind, please—that I had an inclination to—to feel in the way you mean, I should consider it an imperative duty to stifle that inclination."

"An imperative duty?" I echoed, doubtfully, being unable to distinguish her features in the waning light, and having a painful suspicion that she was laughing at me.

"Oh yes; just as you feel it your duty to seek out young Mr. Le Marchant and put him in your place, you know. Duty so often compels us to turn away from brilliant prospects, unfortunately."

By this time I had scrambled up the bank to her side, and was able to convince myself of the mortifying fact that she was positively and literally laughing. "I must say that I did not expect you to make fun of me," I exclaimed, wrathfully.

"I am not making fun of you, Charley," she answered, "or at least only a very little. But don't you think it is better not to be too serious over it? In a few years' or perhaps a few months' time you won't look back upon it as having been a very serious matter yourself, and you mustn't be angry with me because I can see a little further into the future than you can. There is nothing wonderful in your thinking me perfection just now, because I happen to be the only girl of decent birth and education in the neighborhood; but it would be very wonderful indeed if you continued to think so after meeting numbers of better-looking, better-dressed, and cleverer women, as you certainly must do before you are much older."

"That wonder will take place," I declared, firmly.

"We shall see. In the mean time will you do me a small favor?"

"A thousand."

"You are too liberal; I only ask for one. It is that you will not refer to this subject again."

"That is absurd," I exclaimed. "I am willing to do anything in reason, but I can't perform impossibilities, and I don't think you ought to require them of me."

"Then you will drive me out of the county, that is all," she said, turning away. "The Savilles have asked me to go and stay with them, but I meant to decline, because I thought I should have a pleasant summer here, now that you and George Warren have come back, and very likely it will be the last that we shall spend together. Now, however, I shall be obliged to go, though it will be very inconvenient in many ways."

This threat brought me down on my knees, so to speak, at once. Sooner than that Maud should go away I was ready to consent to anything—almost anything. I promised to submit: all I entreated was that she would give me just one word of hope to keep me going, and that at least she would believe in the sincerity of my love. If she could not give me credit for constancy, I was sorry for it: only time could convince her that she was wronging me there. As for me, I knew that I could never change. "Whether you care for me or whether you forget me, Maud, it will always be just the same. There may be numbers of women in the world superior to you, as you say; but it is quite certain that I shall never think so; and I will not give up the hope of winning you some day until I find that you love another man."

I did not obtain much from her in return for a great many vows such as these; but she did not refuse to listen to me, and that, I thought, was a good sign. "It is agreed, then," she said at last, "that you are not to speak like this again."

"Until when?"

"Until—until—oh, I don't know. Until I give you leave."

"But that may be never," I said, dolorously.

"It may be never," she agreed, smiling. "Still, while there is life there is hope; and as you mean never to change, it won't matter if you have to wait some little time."

"You don't forbid me to hope, then?" I cried, eagerly.

She did not answer; but she did not withdraw her hand, of which I had managed to gain possession, and I repeated my appeal, "You don't forbid me to hope?"

I suppose that neither she nor I can have had all our faculties about us at that moment; otherwise we must surely have heard footsteps drawing near. Certain it is that we were both thrown into the most extreme discomfiture when my uncle's voice, close to my ear, said: "I don't know whether you are aware, Charley, that it is half past eight o'clock, and that dinner is over. My mother has sent me out to look for you, preparatory to giving orders for having the Broad dragged." And I believe that it was to spare our blushes that the dear old fellow pretended only at that moment to recognize Maud. "Bless me! can that be Miss Dennison?" he ejaculated. "My dear young lady, your father will be in a fine fright! You must allow us to see you home. On these long evenings one is apt to forget to look at one's watch."

I was too dumfoundered to speak, for I was sure that my uncle could not have helped overhearing my last words; but Maud, who should have found the situation even more awkward than I did, recovered herself with feminine rapidity.

"My father won't feel anxious, Mr. Le Marchant," she said, "because he has gone to Norwich to see the Bishop. And you must not think of seeing me home, thank you; I am quite accustomed to walking about by myself. It is much more important that you should take Charley back, and set Mrs. Farquhar's mind at rest."

My uncle, however, would take no refusal. His old-fashioned ideas of courtesy rendered it absolutely imperative upon him to escort belated ladies to their own door, and he was not the man to allow any inconvenience attendant upon walking through muddy copses and lanes in thin evening shoes to deter him from the execution of his duty. Presently, therefore, Miss Dennison set off homeward under efficient protection, she and my uncle beguiling the way with bland conversation, while I remained silent, and wondered what they were thinking about all the time. Probably neither of them was very sorry when the Rectory was reached; but they kept up appearances in a highly creditable manner to the last moment, and parted with the usual interchange of polite speeches.

When we had said good-night, and had turned our faces toward the Hall, my uncle did not take my arm, as it was his general custom to do when we were alone; and I knew that he was displeased with me, though he said nothing. Perhaps he was waiting for me to speak first. However, I thought I would leave it to him to break the ice; and after a while he did so in a manner which rather startled me.

"Charley," he said, "this will never do. I am sorry to have to say it; but I must say that I am disappointed in you."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I owe you an apology for having played the eavesdropper," he went on, without noticing my interruption; "but I hope you know that I should never do such a thing intentionally."

I said I was quite sure of that.

"No; I should never have done it intentionally," he repeated; "and indeed I caught no more than two or three words. Such as they were, though, there was no misunderstanding them, and I am afraid I must take it that, when I came up, you were in the act of making Miss Dennison an offer of marriage."

"It wasn't exactly that," I murmured.

"Not an offer of marriage? Then, may I inquire what it was?"

"It was a—a sort of a—oh, *you* know," I answered, finding accurate definition quite beyond me. "I didn't say a word about marriage; we never got as far as that; and of course I should have had no right to talk about marrying. One can't marry upon twopence-halfpenny a year."

"And do you think," asked my uncle, "that it is a gentleman-like or an honorable thing to speak to a girl of love when you are not able to speak to her of marriage?"

I answered, somewhat confusedly, that I had not thought of the matter in that way.

"That is exactly what I complain of," he rejoined; "you ought to have thought of it. I don't know what answer Miss Dennison may have given you—"

"She gave me no answer at all. That is to say, she only told me not to do it again."

"I am very glad to hear it. Still, it is no thanks to you that she has been preserved from placing herself in a false position. Even as it is, I don't see how she is to meet you again without great discomfort."

"But it is agreed that I am to say no more about it—for the present."

"Oh!—that is agreed?"

"Yes. And surely," I went on, in a somewhat injured tone, "you don't object to her personally. You wouldn't mind my looking forward to marrying her some day. You don't want me to go in for an heiress, or anything of that kind."

"My dear fellow, I am thinking of her just now, not of you. No; I have not the smallest objection to Miss Maud; on the contrary, I think that she is a very charming young lady, and that the man who wins her will be a particularly lucky man. Only, as you will not be either old enough or rich enough to think of marrying for some years to come, I doubt whether you will be that man; and therefore I say that it was a thoughtless and selfish thing to try and get an avowal out of her. Do I understand you to say that she is perfectly free?"

"Perfectly and absolutely. She gave me nothing approaching to a promise."

"Then," said my uncle, after a few minutes of silence, "I dare say we may be able to save her from further annoyance. I must think it over."

"But I don't consider *myself* free," I observed. "I told her that I should marry her or nobody, and I mean to keep my word."

"I have nothing to say against that: that is a matter which concerns you alone. All I wish to impress upon you is that you should hold your peace until you have something besides fidelity to offer."

"Well, I suppose you are right," I said. "I admit that I ought not to have spoken—only I couldn't help it."

"Ah, I think you could have helped it, if you had thought a little more of her and less of yourself, Charley," answered my uncle. He added, very characteristically: "Nevertheless, it is difficult for an old man to judge a young one justly. I am afraid I can't retract the meaning of anything that I have said; but perhaps the words I used may have been too harsh. If they were, I beg your pardon."

At the time I thought he had been decidedly too hard upon me. I don't think so now; but perhaps that may be because I am no longer young myself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DESPONDENCY.

[This sonnet was written by "Sherwood Bonner" only a short time before her death.]

A SOUL which, anguish-smitten, sought release
From its own thoughts through weary hours of night
Turned with new life to greet the morning light,
And read in golden lines the longed-for peace,
When suddenly, 'mid all the fair increase
Of hope, the new-found joys that round it pressed,
There stood, reproachful-eyed, a famished guest,
Whose wan, set look bade all delight to cease.

Will it be so hereafter? Shall we gain
The heaven we sought through life's long night of care,
Only to find some word, once heard in vain,
Some duty, in sheer exercise of prayer
Left unfulfilled, start up to meet us there,
Bidding us back to old remorse and pain?

WANTED—A DAUGHTER.

"AN actress, sir? Never!" said Mr. Philander Greentree, in a voice that made the windows rattle in their frames.

And "Never" echoed his meek little wife, but in so faint a tone that it didn't disturb in the least the fly that was sitting on one of the pretty white puffs on her dear old head.

"And if you persist in being in love with the young woman, you must cease to be an inmate of my house," shouted Mr. Greentree. "And if you marry her, by heavens! I'll scratch you."

"Yes, we'll be obliged to scratch you," added the old lady, as mildly as she had spoken before, looking at the same time as though it would be utterly impossible for her to scratch any one under any circumstances whatever. Not that they meant scratching in the common sense of the word: scratching the young man's name from his uncle's will was the punishment they threatened.

"And I'll never give you a penny," thundered Uncle Philander.

"Oh, William, think of that!—not even a penny," said Aunt Tamasin.

"And I'll adopt a girl—I will, by heavens!" the old man went on, growing more and more angry every minute. "No more ungrateful boys for me. And she'll marry to please us, and her children shall be our grandchildren."

"My dear boy, consider," entreated the old lady. "How dreadful, how very dreadful, for us to have strange grandchildren!"

"Uncle and aunt—I suppose I must call you father and mother no longer," said the young man, slowly and firmly—"I am truly sorry to vex you, but I have plighted my faith to Miss Fieldbrook, and I can not and will not break it. She is an actress, but as good and lovely a girl as ever trod the earth—sweeter and lovelier than any girl it has been my lot to meet. And if you would only allow me to bring her here—"

"Bring her *here!*" repeated his uncle, stamping about the room in his rage. "Here, where your mother—I mean your aunt Tamasin—has lived in quiet, virgin—I mean quiet, holy—I mean quietness and peace, sir, for nearly half a century? How dare you even think of such a thing, sir? An actress capering around these apartments! Good heavens!"

"Twouldn't be exactly right, William, you know," said Aunt Tamasin. "I never was a caperer, and at my time of life I don't think I could get used to one. I don't, indeed."

"Oh, you dear, funny old mother—auntie—" began Will, with a smile, but encountering his uncle's wrathful eyes and frowning brow, he grew serious again, and said: "Well, if you positively refuse to receive Eva, I suppose we must part. I am very, very thankful to you for all you have done for me since I was left a fatherless and motherless boy; but give up the woman I love for a thoroughly unreasonable prejudice of yours I can not and will not. And so good-by. Uncle, will you shake hands with me?"

"No, I won't," replied Mr. Greentree, brusquely.

"Aunt, will you let me kiss you?"

"Of course I will, my dear boy," said Mrs. Greentree. "And if you change your mind, come back to us directly. We start for Greentree Cottage in a few days, you know, and I shall keep your room ready for you there all summer."

"No, don't, auntie dear," kissing her not once, but three or four times, "for I shall not change my mind, and perhaps, being one of the prettiest rooms in the house, my room may be chosen by your adopted daughter. And I hope from the bottom of my heart that she may spend as many happy hours there as I have. Good-by. Good-by, fath—uncle."

But Uncle Philander answered not by look nor word, and as the hall door closed after his nephew, he exclaimed again: "An actress! By heavens! the boy's gone mad, and I wash my hands of him forever."

"Don't say forever," begged Aunt Tamasin. "Forever's a long time—a very long time, Philander. And, oh dear! how I shall miss him! Such a good child as he has always been ever since he came to us fifteen years ago! Better in some things even than you, Philander; for you know you always say bad words when I lose my spectacles, which he never did, but looked for them time and again with the patience of an angel." And taking off said spectacles, she proceeded to lose them once more by laying them on the back of the sofa, whence they dropped to the floor behind it, where, with the dreadful "depravity of inanimate things," they remained snugly hidden, while she wept silently in her large lemon-verbena scented silk handkerchief.

A few days after Will Greentree bade them "good-by" the old couple were installed for the summer season in their comfortable country house, Greentree Cottage. And to Greentree Cottage came, before they had been there a week, this note from one of their oldest and most intimate friends:

"NEW YORK, *June* 20, 1882.

"MY DEAR TAMASIN AND PHILANDER,—You told me, you will remember, just as you were leaving the city, that you would like to receive into your home this summer some young girl—the more friendless the better for your purpose—with a view, should she prove lovable and entertaining, to adopting her. Strange as it may appear, you had not been gone more than two hours when I met a young girl who I think will suit you to a charm. She is pretty, of cheerful disposition, tolerably well-educated, and naturally very clever; is an orphan and (her grandmother and only relative, with whom she lived, having died three weeks ago) homeless. I have spoken to her about your wish, and she is perfectly willing—nay, anxious—to come to you. And I am sure her companionship will add to your happiness, and help you to forget the disobedience of your self-willed nephew. Anyhow, receive her as a summer guest for my sake, for I loved and lost her mother; that is, she married the other chap.

"Faithfully yours, JAMES TOWNLY."

Mr. Greentree's face brightened as he read this note. "There, my dear," he said, handing it to his wife, "Townly—he always was the best and most reliable old chum a fellow ever had—has already found our daughter. For this girl will certainly please us, being heartily approved of by him. Pretty, clever, and cheerful."

"Yes, so he says," said his wife; "but he needn't have called poor William bad names, for all that. And I won't give her the boy's room. There's so many trousers and boots and base-ball and fishing things in it, that couldn't be of the slightest use to her, and would only be in her way."

"Do as you like about that, my dear," rejoined Mr. Greentree, who, to tell the truth, was secretly pining for the discarded one, and anxious to have some young life in the cottage; "but see that the room she is to have is got ready immediately, for I shall telegraph to Townly to send her at once."

And he did. And the result of the telegram was that the very next morning Miss Zerelda Ardemann made her best courtesy to the old lady and gentleman who wanted a daughter.

And never were any elderly people so quickly and entirely bewitched by any fair maiden as were Philander and Tamasin Greentree by this same violet-eyed, golden-haired, sweet-voiced, petite Zerelda Ardemann.

And as day followed day, and week followed week, she became more and more dear to them. She went through the house from morn until eve, warbling like a bird, and when evening came she sat at the old-fashioned piano and sang the quaint old English ballads that Tamasin used to sing in her youth, while Philander, brave in swallow-tailed, brass-buttoned blue coat, turned the pages of the music with gentle hand. She tripped lightly over field and meadow every day, and culled the loveliest of wild flowers, which with a grace that was all her own she arranged in vases and shells, and whatever she could find to hold them, until each room looked like a fairy bower.

And many a beautiful poem she repeated with rare skill in the gloaming, bringing the happy tears to the eyes of her delighted listeners. "Ah! if Will had only made *her* his choice!" the old lady would say to her husband at least a dozen times a day.

"By heavens! if he had," that impulsive individual would reply, "he wouldn't have waited long for my blessing."

The summer passed pleasantly, very pleasantly, away, and the advent of autumn found Mr. and Mrs. Greentree more in love than ever, if that were possible, with their charming guest.

"And do you think you could love us enough to call us father and mother, and to promise that when you give your whole heart to some one else you will not forsake us?" asked Mrs. Greentree of Zerelda one sunny September day.

"I know I could—I know I do," answered the girl, emphatically. "But I have a confession to make to you that I fear will turn you from me."

"My dear, it must be something very terrible to do that. But make it at once, and have it over. Philander! Philander! Zerelda has something to tell us which she fears will make us love her less. Please come and hear it."

Philander dropped the newspaper he was reading on the porch, and stepped into the dining-

room through the opened window. Zerelda stood in the centre of the room with drooping head, but as soon as he had entered she tossed back the little ringlets that tried to shade the brightness of her eyes, placed her two little hands in the lace-trimmed pockets of her dainty apron, danced lightly across to where the old couple were now seated side by side, and said, in a voice fraught with innocent cheeriness: "After all, what I have to tell isn't so *very* bad. I *have* amused you both since I came here, haven't I? And I can go away at once if you wish me to go." And then, dropping gracefully on one knee, and folding her hands in pretty entreaty, she said: "Please, sir, and please, ma'am, I am an actress, and my stage name is Eva Fieldbrook. But all that your friend Mr. Townly told you about me is true."

"An actress!" exclaimed Mr. Philander Greentree.

"Eva Fieldbrook!" said his wife.

"Then you *are* the girl that Will—" began the old man.

"That Will—" repeated the old lady.

"That Will— The same," replied Zerelda, demurely, still kneeling. "Please forgive me for being that girl."

But Mr. Greentree, without another word, bounced from his chair and tore out of the room. Zerelda sprang to her feet. "I'd better begin packing at once," she said, with a serious face. "I'm sorry to have vexed him so much. But indeed it wasn't my scheme at all. Mr. Townly and Will made it up between them. They thought that if you knew me you would—"

"And we do," interrupted the old lady, laying her hand lightly on her arm to detain her. "Don't you do anything in haste, my dear. You don't understand Mr. Greentree as well as I do. Sometimes when he seems most angry he is most pleased. I'm sure he don't want you to go away."

"Of course he don't. Who said he did?" asked the old gentleman, entering the room hastily again. I've just sent a telegram to Will telling him important business calls him here. There's another name for you, my dear—Important Business. Not as pretty as either of the others, but we'll find a fourth before we get through that will suit you best of all—Zerelda Greentree. How do you like it?"

"And I sha'n't have grandchildren the least bit strange after all," said Aunt Tamasin, a bright smile lighting up her dear good old face.

MARGARET EYTINGE.

SANDS POINT.

THERE is a striking contrast between the northern and the southern shore of Long Island. The latter presents long stretches of low, sandy beach, indented with bays and marshy inlets, and with few headlands or bluffs. The whole coast is admirably adapted to sea-bathing, and from Rockaway Beach almost to the eastern extremity there is a succession of popular summer resorts.

The coast-line of the northern shore, on the contrary, is most beautifully diversified. Here we find high promontories jutting out into the Sound, softly rounded wooded hills, with lovely bays winding in between. With the exception of the more romantic portions of the Hudson River, no fairer region for summer residences can be found within reach of New York, and no steamboat excursion route presents more attractions than the trip from New York to Sag Harbor. For a long distance the shore on both sides is visible from the deck, showing picturesque towns and charming private residences. Leaving the dock at Peck Slip, we pass under the magnificent Brooklyn Bridge, and catch the heavy rumble of carts and wagons, and the tread of horses' feet; pass the Brooklyn Navy-yard, and Blackwell's and Ward's islands; pass Ravenswood and Astoria, and through Hell Gate, now shorn of much of its ancient peril, and wind our way around some lovely wooded points into the smooth expanse of Flushing Bay. Further on are Riker's Island and Whitestone, and soon afterward we pass under the battlements of Fort Schuyler, and out into the Sound. A volume would be required to note all the points of interest which the trip presents.

For this time we stop at Sands Point, a delightful spot, of which our artist has given some pleasant glimpses in the sketches on page 516. It is about two hours' sail from New York, and when one has landed, and driven away from the dock into the lovely roads that wind through the untrimmed woods, one seems to have been suddenly transported into a new country, hundreds of miles away from the whirl and din of city life. Ever and anon we catch glimpses of elegant private residences, surrounded by well-kept grounds and gardens, inclosed by stone walls whose roughness is half hidden by luxuriant vines and plants. On every side are evidences of taste and refinement, combined with the pleasant comforts of rural life, without ostentatious display. The drives are simply charming. They wind round among the low hills, are overhung by trees, lead every now and then to pleasant and unexpected vistas, now to some picturesque village dating back to Revolutionary times, and now to some lovely expanse of bay or Sound.

The view from the bluffs immediately above the landing is one of the most beautiful along the coast. At times scores of sailing vessels and steamers, on their way to or from New York, cover the broad surface of the Sound, and present an ever-varying panorama. The scene is especially charming at evening, when the sun has gone down, and twilight deepens over the water. The stillness is broken only now and then by the splashing of some steamer's wheels, softened by distance, the call of the whip-poor-will, or the drowsy rustle of the trees. Not a sound to remind one of the din of city life invades this rural paradise.

Every year the number of business men of New York increases who see the value and the beauty of country retreats like Sands Point, and who seek them in preference to the glittering but wearisome life of fashionable resorts. The charms of cottage life, especially along the shores of sea, river, or Sound, now attract thousands of people away from the huge hotels where rest and privacy are impossible; and every year will see the beautiful situations along the northern coast of Long Island more and more thickly dotted with summer residences where men of business can find a genuine retreat from the daily drudgery of city life.

OYSTER AND CLAM FISHERIES.

WITH every recurring season the wholesale cost of oysters and clams is noticeably enhanced. To this date keepers of restaurants and eating-houses have been able to supply the public at prices which prevailed for many years past. The day, however, is near at hand when the patrons of these establishments must be prepared to meet a largely augmented tariff on their favorite roasts, stews, and broils. Apart from a growing scarcity due to the increased demand for home consumption, we are called upon to supply annually to foreign consumers thousands upon thousands of barrels. It is not to be wondered at that our oyster beds promise soon to rival those of Europe in barrenness. The efforts made abroad, regardless of cost, and under the protection and care of energetic governments, to encourage and foster the artificial propagation of oysters have been attended with such slight success as would lead us to suppose that attempts in a similar direction in this country will be productive of even less satisfactory results.

Where in Europe there were formerly hundreds of square miles of oyster beds, here there are thousands, consequently we may hope for a few years longer to enjoy the oyster at a price which will not be entirely prohibitive. The demand for this bivalve, however, is here so far in excess of what it was in Europe in the best years of its oyster beds that no comparison can be instituted on which to base a surmise as to the length of time necessary for the total exhaustion of our sources of supply. Whereas, abroad, oysters were always more or less a luxury for the rich, here they are consumed, either on the shell or canned, in every hamlet of the land from Maine to the Pacific coast.

So far back as 1860 ten million bushels were annually taken from the Chesapeake alone. To-day probably thirty million bushels are withdrawn from the same beds. No natural increase can keep pace with such an exhaustive demand. What scientific research may develop in the future in regard to the artificial propagation of the oyster can not be foretold. The results so far attained do not present a particularly encouraging outlook. One locality is very much like another in the monotonous similarity of the criminal and reckless treatment of our fisheries; consequently in citing the case of the Great South Bay of Long Island we tell the story of them all.

When the Dutch retired from New Amsterdam, and the English secured possession of the entire territory of Long Island, large grants under royal patent were given to favored subjects of the crown. Some of these, where the land touched the edge of the numerous bays which flank the south side of the island, carried with them proprietary rights to the fishing and fowling of the adjacent waters. So slight a value was placed by the proprietors upon these privileges that in one case this right was relinquished, in favor of a town on the edge of a bay twelve miles long and two broad, for the sum of eighteen dollars. Could this privilege, later on, have been sustained and protected, it would have given to the owner a princely revenue.

In certain cases these original rights to the ownership of the products of the bays and estuaries were retained by the descendants of the first proprietor. This has given rise to litigation, to which as yet no end can be seen. Could the owners of these large tracts have foreseen the destruction of what promised to be of inexhaustible proportions? No one comparatively a few short years since could imagine that the magnificent native oyster and clam beds of the Great South Bay should ever come so near to barrenness as is the case to-day. The actual disappearance of the oyster from these waters might have already been accomplished were it not for the fact that the planting of this bivalve on leased lots under water has for a time postponed the evil hour.

Before the demand and consumption of the oyster became so enormous, a simple method of taking this bivalve was employed. The use of tongs was universal. Under its dispensation the exhaustion of the beds was practically impossible. The opening of new and profitable markets required the employment of more expeditious methods of taking the oyster from its bed; consequently the dredge—a bag-net with heavy iron jaws, towed in the wake of a powerful sail-boat—was introduced. If this instrument simply scraped up the oysters it would not be so harmful; but for every oyster which it captures the heavy iron jaws press to destruction a dozen into the mud. Through the use of the dredge the European oyster beds have become barren. The Long Island fishery showed no signs of exhaustion before the introduction of this trap. Immediately following upon its use the price of oysters commenced to advance from forty to sixty cents a tub (rather more than a bushel) to two dollars and fifty cents for the same measure. This increase in price, it is, however, but fair to say, was somewhat accelerated by the necessities of the foreign market, which absorbed the catch of the South Bay in preference to that of all others, from the fancied resemblance of oysters from this locality to the European sorts. Notwithstanding these demands the price of the "Blue Points" of Long Island has not enhanced in proportion to that of oysters taken from other well-known waters.

It has been supposed that the planting of oysters on lots under water, protected and cared for by particular owners, would in a measure restore the prosperity of the oyster fishery of the Great South Bay. As a set-off to this, oysters when planted as indicated appear to be subject to perils which do not assail them on their native beds. Diseases and vigorous foes, which were less destructive to the native beds, render this new industry of oyster-culture as precarious a crop as any grown upon the land. A drought is as fatal to it as to any agricultural operation, not in the actual destruction of the oyster, but in a loss of condition from the lack of supply of fresh-water from the numerous streams flowing into the bay. A rainy season is followed by a crop of fat and full-flavored oysters, while during one of light rain-fall they are tasteless, and mere bags of water. From the washings of the streams the oyster secures the food necessary for its full development and nourishment. Modern ingenuity has devised a remedy against the ill effects of a dry season. The oysters are placed upon floats and covered with fresh-water heated to a proper temperature by steam. A few days of this treatment transforms a flabby and watery oyster into one of aldermanic obesity.

While the cultivation of the oyster by planting has up to this time been moderately successful, it remains to be seen whether in the near future, in the face of the exhaustion of the native beds, it will be able to meet the enormously increasing demand. With the experience of the yearly enhancement in the price of oysters, it will be safe to say that those raised by cultivation will not be more than sufficient, as is the case to-day in Europe, to supply as a luxury the tables of the opulent.

The future of the hard-clam fishery is even more depressing than that of the oyster. Formerly that of Long Island was famous. "Little Neck" held with clams the same significance as "Blue Point" did with oysters. Moreover, it possessed an elastic expansion which enabled it to cover a large area of territory. We have clams to-day simply because they are not dredged, but taken with tongs, or raked on flats left bare by the receding tide. Were they as reproductive as the oyster, there could be no fear of their disappearance for years to come. Unfortunately the waters in which they are taken are limited in extent. A brief statement will show the decline in this fishery. What is said of the locality mentioned will apply to all. The clam beds in the Great South Bay of Long Island were once famous sources of supply. Ten years since a good daily catch for one man fishing with tongs from a boat was five thousand clams, slightly more or less. These sold from the boats at from ten to fifteen cents per hundred. To-day one thousand clams per man is a good average, and sell at the rate of from twenty-five to thirty-five cents per hundred. Coney Island and similar resorts absorb during the season vast numbers of clams. Moreover, canning factories have been established. These send to all parts of the world steamed clams, or chowder.

We can not eat our cake and have it too, or, in other words, we can not supply with oysters and clams the immense and growing population of this country as well as that of foreign lands. To accomplish this feat we shall need a more intelligent supervision and care of our fisheries than has been accorded in the past.

GASTON FAY.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

AN Irish girl coming out of a Chinese laundry in this city said to her companion: "Me mother would scold me if she knew I took these collars to a Chinese laundry. She told me to take them to a citizen's laundry." And the girls went up the street discussing the merits relatively of Chinese laundries and "citizens' laundries."

The London *Engineer* says that if a man had in his legs the muscular energy and leverage of a flea, he could jump a mile in three leaps. But the flea would get away from him just the same.

Hanlan, the champion oarsman, naturally would be expected to know all that is worth knowing concerning shell boats, but he recently found a man in the West who could teach him something. He wagered a hundred dollars with this Western man that the latter could not stand, sit, and paddle around in a single shell from which the out-riggers had been removed, and the champion lost. Years ago, when the Yale and Harvard men used to meet annually on Lake Quinsigamond, it was considered a neat but not very difficult feat for an oarsman to bend over in his single shell and drink of the limpid water of the lake without losing his equilibrium.

A person bathing on the Long Island coast waded into a pit from which sand had been taken, and was drowned. The coroner's jury made a verdict recommending that the pit be filled up, and straightway proceeded to fill it up themselves. It is not stated what fields of usefulness these good and true men occupy; but if they can be spared, they should be taken and made a perpetual coroner's jury, with unlimited powers and liberal pay.

There is in Washington a Chinese laundryman of the name of Pin, who attends services at a Congregational church, and refuses to become a member of the Chinese secret society there. The others of his race are trying to drive him out of the city, but he holds his own and defies them; and, in the slang of the Melican man, that's the kind of a clothes Pin he is.

An Iowa poet has been egged by the populace. Paradoxical as it may seem, the mob was not infuriated by his poetry, but by sentiments which he uttered in prose concerning the "lynching" of a criminal.

"Hunt breakfasts" are popular in Newport. They are in vogue in New York, but are not extremely popular—perhaps because so many of those who are compelled to hunt for their breakfasts don't find the hunting very good.

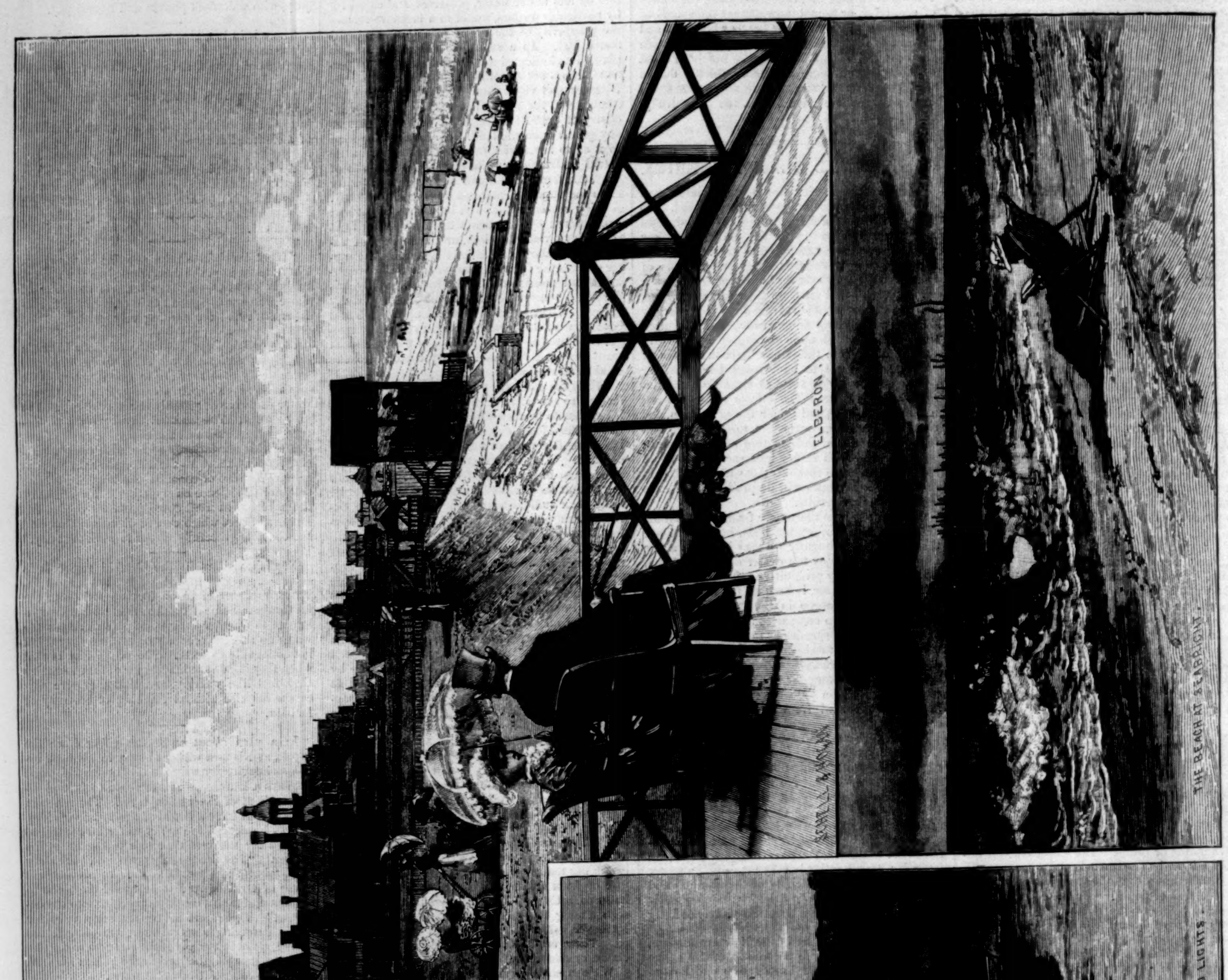
Away off in Cape Town the relations between employers and employés seem to be arranged more nicely than they are in this country. One day in June six hundred convicts in the Breakwater cantonment "gently but firmly" refused to go to work. The account says: "With all politeness they informed the Superintendent of Police of this resolution, and he, with equal courtesy, referred them to the Public Works Department. No hint of coercion was breathed on one side, nor of violence on the other. An official of the government went down, promptly yielded the matters of diet which caused dissatisfaction, and the convicts gracefully agreed to work next day."

English visitors in the Catskill region, it is said, seldom ride in the stages, but almost invariably prefer to go on foot up and down the mountains. Some of the American visitors speculate as to whether their cousins from across the water do this for economy or because they think it fashionable to walk. The probability is that when they inhale the bracing air of the mountains they feel like walking, and that they give way to the impulse without thinking of economy or fashion.

In a yarn about an Indian going down the rapids at Niagara without injury in his bark canoe, an imaginative writer in the London *Telegraph* displays a knowledge of the characteristic philosophic bent of the Indian mind. The red man happened to have a bottle of fire-water with him, and as he neared the angry water he seemed to awaken for the first time to a full sense of his danger. "His life probably was lost," the story runs, "but there was still time to prevent the waste of good liquor; so he raised the bottle to his lips and took a drink proportionate to the occasion." The result makes the story unfit for use in enforcing a moral; for, according to the narrator, the liquor gave him strength and courage, and, grasping his paddle, he guided his frail craft into comparatively still water.

Experiments in the use of the electric light in light-houses are soon to be made near this city. It is feared that the wavering intensity of lights thus produced will be a serious obstacle to their use, since it might result in mistaking for "flash" lights those which were intended to be continuous. Professor Morton, of the Stevens Institute, has been making tests with the view of ascertaining the highest degree of intensity obtainable in the incandescent light, which wavers less than the arc light, and has succeeded in producing a lamp of four-hundred-candle intensity. This, he says, is brighter than the arc lights usually used for street-lighting, and is sufficient for light-house purposes. It has been found that the lenses now used in the light-houses are not suitable for use with the electric lamps, and new ones must be ground. It will be necessary also to provide each light-house with duplicate dynamo appliances for use in case those regularly employed should fail. It is expected that the experiments to be made will settle the question whether the present electric lamps can safely be used in light-houses, and at an outlay within reasonable bounds. The electric light is used in light-houses both in England and France.

A MOUNTAIN GORGE.



SOUTH FROM SANDY HOOK.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 522.]

THE MILL AND THE STILL.—Drawn by Jessie Shepherd.—[See Page 522.]

A MEMORY OF THE SOUTH.

I see the white sails gleaming
Upon the summer sea,
And waves that pour in thunder
On isles of Caribbee.

Through moon-lit groves of orange
I hear the light guitar,
And tinkling fountains falling
Beneath the evening star.

She blew the cigarette smoke
From lips of dusky bloom,
And her dark eyes looked on me
As stars look through the gloom.

Oh, brown-armed Spanish beauty,
How could I choose but say,
"My heart will still be with you
When I am far away"?

Oh, sweeter than all music
Her answer murmured low:
"My love is in your keeping
Wherever you may go."

False lips that spake so fondly!
False heart I thought my own!
She married a Hidalgo
Before the week had flown.

Ah, well, long years have vanished,
Long years of joy and pain,
Since in my day of boyhood
I sailed the Spanish Main.

But oft, when night is falling,
I feel again the spell
Of tropic seas and islands,
And her I loved so well.

Through years and over oceans
My doom is still to say,
My heart is often with her
Though I am far away.

H. I. King.

THE MILL AND THE STILL.

By H. H. Kane, M.D.

So staple and universal an article of diet is bread, so important and abundant an article of commerce is grain, and so naturally is the one associated with the other that we scarcely ever give the subject of cereals as a source of liquor the consideration that it deserves. To the average individual corn and grain mean food, and chiefly bread; and to assert to such a one that grain is as great a curse as it is a blessing is almost invariably to call forth both surprise and indignation.

And yet it is true. Corn, typical of all grain, according to its subsequent treatment, according to the process to which it is subjected, comes forth, from mill or still, a blessing or a curse—bread or liquor. Both children of a common mother, the Cain and Abel of post-cereal life, they differ as essentially in every characteristic as do two human beings: the one bringing health, strength, and happiness to even the humblest homes, the staple food of all nations, the basis of all nourishment; the other, save in very rare instances and under peculiar circumstances, an unmitigated curse, bearing disease, dishonor, and even death into thousands of homes, blasting fair young lives, blunting every good attribute of mind and soul, prostituting honor, honesty, and integrity, deadening conscience, inciting to crime, leading to rags, squalor, and starvation, manning the gallows, peopling the poor-house, crowding the courts, and filling the prisons.

To it may be justly ascribed nine-tenths of all crime, suicide, poverty, and prostitution; from its deadly seed spring idiocy and insanity. Through its agency family ties are sundered, promising lives engulfed in debt and dishonor, friends and secrets ruthlessly betrayed, hopes and ambitions blasted, and God's masterpiece of creation—man himself—made a bloated wreck.

In no sense a food, alcohol will neither impart nourishment nor sustain life; but, on the contrary, its use invites, causes, and complicates disease, both organic and functional, poisons the blood and tissues, weakens the muscles, disorders the nervous system, and destroys the mind and faculties.

How marked the contrast between the two! the one in every sense life-giving, happiness-bestowing, body-nourishing; the other essentially a destroyer of all these, whose footsteps are invariably accompanied by misery, despair, and dishonor. Yet the difference is but a step—simply one of degree. The floured grain, moistened and kneaded, leavened with a touch of yeast, commences to ferment. The starch of the flour, through the agency of the yeast, breaks down into alcohol and carbonic acid gas, the latter penetrating every part of the loaf, and making it light and spongy. Then comes the heat of the oven just at the proper moment, killing the yeast germs, putting a sudden stop to all fermentation, and giving us the brown and fragrant loaves of bread.

Huge tanks and vats in which thousands of bushels of grain are soaking. The same leavening of the mass, the same fermentation and breaking down of the starch into carbonic acid and alcohol, but so treated and favored that the latter is yielded in the largest possible amount. No restraining hand of heat to limit the process at the point where food ends and liquor begins, but every endeavor made to obtain the latter. Then the gaping maw of the still, and the serpentine coil pouring forth its steady stream of liquor, man's worst enemy. Liquor is simply one step beyond bread in the same chemical process, yet how widely, terribly different in their effects upon man!

"I was made to be eaten, and not to be drank;
To be husked in a barn, not soaked in a tank.
I come as a blessing when put in a mill;
As a blight and a curse when run through a still.
Make me up into loaves, and your children are fed;
But into a drink, I will starve them instead.
In bread I'm a servant the eater shall rule;
In drink I'm a master, the drinker a fool.
Then remember my warning—my strength I'll employ,
If eaten to strengthen, if drank to destroy."

The subject under discussion is a very wide one. Not only must we consider the evil that liquor does, but the waste of all the millions of bushels of good grain that would otherwise be made into food that it takes to feed the stills and produce the alcohol, or the thousands of acres of fertile land devoted to its cultivation that might be far better used in raising other foods if the demand for alcohol (liquor) did not exist. To how many destitute men and women and cheerless homes would their products yield plenty and happiness!

Economically, we must consider the millions of wasted lives, the impoverished, beggared, and starving families, the resulting crime, and the army of paupers, lunatics, and criminals, the heavy taxation that is required to support the prisons, hospitals, lunatic asylums, and almshouses, as well as the fact that the wages and the results of the industry of all these inebriates are lost to us, and that, were they steady, sober, industrious men, would be adding to general trade and prosperity. The sum thus lost and thus expended in restraining and providing for these individuals is enormous, aggregating billions yearly.

Who that has looked out over the acres of ripening grain, the stacks of golden corn, the sheeted white of the barley fields; who that has watched the sturdy harvesters, the lusty, healthy reapers shearing Mother Earth of her bounteous crops; who that has joined in the festivities of a "husking bee"—can for a moment hesitate as to which is the proper destination of the grain, the mill or the still? How like sacrilege it seems to throw such rich and golden products, capable of yielding so much strength and health and nourishment, into the yawning mouth of the still, to come forth a poison and a destroyer!

From the quaint old mill, with its whirring stones, its mossy wheel, and its swiftly flowing stream, it passes to the ends of the earth, carrying health, strength, growth, and nourishment to old and young, rich and poor—to all a blessing, to none a curse. The hungry laborer, the poor beggar, the chubby-faced golden-haired toddler with his huge slice and buttered fingers, the wealthy banker, and the houseless tramp, all welcome and appreciate it.

The cooling rain, the bright cheerful sunshine, the fertile fields, the grateful dew, the busy hum of insect life, the fragrance of the wild flower, the carol of the robin, the melody of the harvester, the creak and plash of the old mill-wheel—ay, even the happy smile on the miller's face—each yields its mite to nature's ever-recurring gift, that great blessing, crowned in the loaf, that season by season tells the tale of "Peace on earth, good-will to man."

Not so the product of the still: a deep, swift, and treacherous stream, dank with the chill of wasted lives, tainted and galled by the hopes and ambitions it has wrecked and the ties it has sundered, poisoned by the crime and lust of its victims, foul with the ooze of treacherous deeds, and clogged with clinging weeds of temptation, ever ready to engulf and swamp the thoughtless or unwary; flowing swiftly and resistlessly onward to but one end, destruction; engulfing hope, happiness, and strength; making parents childless and children orphans; manning the gallows and filling the prisons; sapping strength, individual and national, and sweeping thousands of good resolutions before its resistless current; marshy and treacherous its banks, where idiocy, lunacy, and crime flourish like rank weeds.

How chameleon-like in its aspects! At first how joyous and tempting in its many allurements to both youth and age; how bright and fascinating in its promise of forbidden pleasure and joys anticipated; how apparently small and insignificant as it winds its way in and out of the events of daily life; how cheerful in its frothing, foaming conviviality; how green the fields, luxuriant the shade, and tropically magnificent the flowers that deck its banks; how easy the sailing, how unheeded the ripples of warning against the prow, or the wrecks of other lives as they float hopelessly by!

With what reckless hilarity and *abandon* the pleasure parties glide along its smooth bosom, unmindful of how swiftly the shores are receding, and how near the gloom and despair that are slowly settling over them! Then, the first froth of joy gone, and with the terrible consequences of their action staring them full in the face, they awake to a realization of their dreadful fate, and with trembling hands endeavor to steer for land. Too late: already the ill-omened nightmare birds of debt, dishonor, and disgrace perch upon and rend the frail bark, whose thin boards alone separate them from the now foaming waters beneath.

Then is the terrible force and swiftness of the current realized; then it is that hopes and promises and good resolutions so often fail to turn the doomed craft from its course; then, too late, that the foulness and pollution of the stream are seen; then that the staring and ghastly faces of dead-and-gone hope, happiness, and ambition, dropping astern, are lost to sight forever. The banks no longer green and luxuriant, but brown and scorched; the air hot and sulphurous; thirst intense, craving, dominant; delirium imminent; the joys no longer joys, the pleasures now become burdens.

No longer the little rippling stream that the word "no" might at any moment turn from its course, but the angry, seething, troubled sea of drunkenness, the black clouds of despair, and the sullen roar of the mighty breakers of crime, disease, or dishonor, against which so many once promising lives have been dashed and hopelessly wrecked, and whose ghastly skeletons, strewing the beach or stranded high upon the shore, tell sad tales of misery, despair, neglect, and destitution.

Oh, for a breath of the cool fields where the golden grain is ripening! Oh, for a draught from the crystal stream that moves the miller's wheel!

SOUTH FROM SANDY HOOK.

The bold New Jersey promontory rising above Sandy Hook, and grandly guarding on the south the entrance to New York Bay, was known from time immemorial as the Highlands of Navesink or Neversink; but now, and since 1879, it is the Atlantic Highlands. Here stand the twin lighthouses whose flashing rays can be seen twenty-five miles out at sea, and the country about them, which has long been one of New York's favorite picnic grounds, is being rapidly covered with the cottages of one of its most charming summer suburbs.

At the foot of the Highlands flows the beautiful Shrewsbury River, its placid waters offering strong contrast to the restless billows of the ocean, from which it is separated by a strip of sand beach, so narrow as to barely afford room for a single railroad track, and across which ocean spray is frequently flung into the river. A little to the south, opposite the point of Rumsen's Neck, which divides the waters of the North and South Shrewsbury, the beach widens sufficiently to accommodate the pretty cottages and queer-shaped, hut-like fishermen's ice-houses of Seabright, one of the newest and most prosperous of the many summer settlements along the coast.

From Seabright an unbroken line of brown but picturesque cottages, separated by the railroad people into three divisions, known as North, Centre, and South Monmouth Beach, extends to Long Branch. Beyond Long Branch the line is again taken up by the Elberon cottages, quaintest and most fascinating of all the odd little châlet-like structures that have sprung up, as though by magic, along this wonderful coast. They are clustered about a hotel—the Elberon—which is only a magnified cottage, offering a proportionally larger number of gables, chimney-stacks, porches, and dormers for the consideration and admiration of its guests. The euphony of the name Elberon is pleasantly significant of the beauty often concealed beneath plain exteriors; for it is a direct derivation from the name of its proprietor and founder, Mr. L. B. Brown.

Beyond Elberon for miles and miles the summer cottages and hotels extend, and the entire coast of New Jersey bids fair to be occupied in time by a vast populous cottage city. Thronging the broad avenues, by means of which these several distinct localities are connected, are vehicles of every description; probably as motley a collection as is to be seen in any part of the world. The carriage of the millionaire rolls smoothly along beside the rude cart of the farmer, and the low basket phaeton finds place beside the lumbering Tally-ho; but in point of numbers all must give way to the village cart, a two-wheeled abomination which is generally occupied by two young girls, whose fresh beauty almost redeems its ugliness. It is cheap and popular; no horse can look well between its shafts; consequently any sort of a horse can be impressed into its service. It is especially adapted to the young, or, rather, the young are especially adapted to it, on account of their excellent digestion, that enables them to endure its wretched *mal-de-mer*-ish joltings, and being devoted to the service of youth, it is freighted with more of genuine pleasure and solid enjoyment than any other style of vehicle; therefore, in spite of its ugliness and its discomforts, long live the village cart!

"DISARMED!"*

By MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS,

Author of "Kitty," "Exchange no Robbery," "Holidays in Eastern France," "Dr. Jacob," "The Sylvestres; or, the Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER XLII.

True enough, it was the blind magician and the troop he had enchanted with his wand; every soul now so triumphantly marshalled under his banners having been brought to believe, Markham himself could hardly say how, "in the Golden Age which lies before us and not behind."

That inspiriting sound of trumpets, usually associated in our minds with state pageantries that have no meaning, but echoed tumultuous joy, stirring a thousand hearts no more accustomed to excitement of such joyous kind than were the ears of these happy people to such transporting music. As one crowded car after another, each a veritable bower on wheels, came within the precincts, the band drawn up in readiness struck up a loud and triumphant strain. Then the garlanded and flower-bedecked carriages passed under a handsome triumphal archway, showing in golden letters the motto, "God bless the people!" whilst the banners floating on every side bore other inscriptions as new and as appropriate. What a welcome for those who had never in all their lives been welcomed before, who see even the most solemn occurrences of life daily passing before their eyes without any accompaniment to stamp them on the imagination and the memory! Alike birth, marriage, death, the greeting after long years, the supreme valediction, all come and go as mere breaking of daily bread and girding up of the loins for daily toil.

But to-day the order of things was reversed, and instead of princes, Stephana had bidden sovereignty of quite other kind with royal circumstance to enter her gates. Want and misery were made to smile, the brows of penury wreathed with flowers, and torpid pulses quickened for the first time with wine.

"Welcome! Welcome!"

This was the word that amid a thousand more of the same joyous significance met every eye but one of the happy hundreds soon peopling Stephana's grounds in every part. Markham was compelled to realize the bewildering scene by the light of inner vision only. Perhaps, indeed, he really saw more than any other present, every presumable feature in the scene being thus heightened by the imaginative faculty. The loud, merry strains of music, the animated voices, the ejaculations of wonder and admiration on every side, must have affected him in this way as, led by a little child, he made the circuit of the place, "to see everything," she had said, heedlessly, although, indeed, her artless descriptions made him see them and far more.

"Now," she said, "a beautiful lady is coming toward us."

"You have already described so many beautiful ladies," Markham answered, smiling.

"Ah! this is the most beautiful of all," answered the child. "She has hair black as a raven's wing, and something that shines in it like a little star, and her dress is all white, with another star that twinkles on her bosom. I think it must be an angel."

"I think so too," Markham made laughing reply. "But I know that lady. Take me to her."

In another moment Stephana was by his side, and gayly dismissing the child with a kiss—she felt in the mood to embrace every one to-day—she took his arm.

"I must keep you a prisoner," she began to Markham. "You are master of the ceremonies, you know, and there is no little marshalling to be done. In the first place, how are we to get all these good people together for the masque? It will be given at once, and as soon as all are seated I have ordered cool drinks to be handed round."

"If sitting room is provided, have no fear," Markham answered, drawing from his pocket a tiny musical instrument. "This is how I call my birds together," he said, straightway putting it to his lips.

The sound was not loud, but penetrating, and it reached the farthest recesses of the grounds. Like birds flocking at the cry of the caller came Stephana's guests, thronging round the pair, as motley a crowd as could well be conceived. Seven Dials can but trick itself out for a holiday in the best it has, and the bits of finery displayed here, not only by the womankind, but by the men, were outlandish enough. Here might be seen gowns of a fabric and pattern in high favor several generations ago, fashions of older date still, with flowers and faded ribbons that must have been worn by brides long since laid in their graves and forgotten. There was something extremely pathetic in the persistence with which anything that could be called personal adornment had been seized on and utilized. Stephana's guests, all, be it remembered, poorest of the poor, could not, when bidden to a feast, go a-shopping, as the phrase runs. They could only furbish up such gala garments and gauds as they already possessed—a brooch here, precious heirloom, in moments of direst want pledged and redeemed a dozen times, a watch chain there, which had seen the same vicissitudes, with white frocks for the children, white still after years of lying by in London smoke, and ribbons, dyed and re-dyed at home, knotting every little girl's hair. If the garb of these poor London people was pathetic, telling a tale of privation and endurance that the more fortunate part of humankind can not realize, much less imagine, for themselves, much more so were the faces of the wearers. Sorrow and pain spare none, care is written at some time or other on every brow, but what painter can depict, what pen can describe, the corrugations of pinching poverty, the pallor of want, the indelible marks of perpetual struggle and grinding anxieties read here? To-day a smile played on every lip, and a look of almost childish beguilement was seen in every face, but the suffering of a lifetime can not be forgotten in an hour. Even Stephana could not work such a wonder. These emaciated countenances were to be freshened and these enfeebled frames invigorated in the happy life beyond sea; but not in a day, not in a year even, barely in a lifetime. It was a work for the all-healer Time. The crowd had now gathered round Stephana and her companion, listening expectantly for what was to come. As yet this wonderful day was an enigma and a mystery to them, but by little and little they felt that all would be made clear.

"My fellow-guests," began Markham, feeling that a little pleasant raillery and banter would be well-timed, "we all know that when we are bidden to a feast, something is expected of us. People do not give us champagne and creams for nothing. Well, we have come here, first, to be made wise, and next, to be made merry, and any one who can help us in either matter is called upon to do so. Now our first business being to be made wise, we have all straightway to take our places demurely in yonder amphitheatre, and listen without uttering a syllable to what we shall hear.

"When the beautiful performance is over, any one who will stand up and say a few words about it and try to explain it to his neighbors will be listened to attentively. Then— But there are so many features in the programme that I can not enumerate them all. Enough to say that the most important after the fairy spectacle we are now going to witness is the banquet. Our

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1373.

hostess will preside, and will say a few words to you at the close. Away, then; let us hie to our places."

In an incredibly short space of time the vast pleasure-ground was cleared of the last straggler, and, like birds congregated together before the autumnal flight southward, Stephana's happy people in one compact crowd awaited the coming spectacle. There they sat smiling and wondering, unaware of the fact that they themselves made a spectacle of deepest interest to some of the by-standers. For this artless bewilderment, this intense, almost childish satisfaction at the prospect of amusement, painted on every face, was moving to behold. The very word amusement conveyed as yet but a dim and indistinct meaning to most of them. They felt much as a handful of their numbers had done when sent the year before on an excursion to the sea-side. The sea, the sea, what could it be like? To-day the feeling uppermost in every mind was of curiosity. A fairy masque, an allegory with music and singing, what was that? Perplexed and delighted, all of them for the nonce turned into five-year-old children, they sat with eyes fixed on the elegant stage before them, at present all silence and emptiness, soon to be turned into a scene of enchantment.

The little ones, found room for on the knees of their elders, were not more flushed with eagerness than they, as the blissful moment drew near. Even sherbet and strawberries lost their charm, and by-and-by impatience began to be manifested in a few timid taps of walking-sticks and umbrellas.

"*Won't* they ever come?" asked one child on the verge of bursting into tears.

"What *can* they be about?" said another.

Impatience, indeed, had reached the highest pitch, when at last the signal was given, the band played a short introductory movement, and the beautiful show began.

Stephana had purposely withheld anything in the shape of a programme or elucidation. The best part of a poem or of any imaginative work, she said, is that part we all find out for ourselves, and if our allegory is meaningless without such aid, no amount of explanation can make it clear.

And now the masquerade began.

CHAPTER XLIII.

IT was not at all likely that Stephana's audience should be alive to the elaborate structure of her allegory and the thought upon thought involved in the leading idea. What they saw and realized as one gorgeous procession after another with music and banners now passed before the proscenium and took its station on the stage was this:

First, heralded by joyous trumpetings, came an emblematic personage representing Britannia, superb matron and sea-queen, drawn in a car, all the insignia of empire there, and the accessories familiar to us all given on an imposing scale. As she was slowly and majestically wheeled to her station on the right hand of the stage a chorus of little boys, dressed as Jack Tars, sang a patriotic sea-song, and a gigantic union-jack was sent flying as if by magic high above the heads of the car.

The band now struck up "Hail, Columbia!" Next came Columbia. She, as beloved imperial daughter of an imperial mother, was fair and stately to see. Her brows showed a circlet set with thirteen stars, emblematic of the glorious Thirteen, whilst the shield she bore was richly emblazoned with the Indian's head and the figure of Liberty. The famous motto *E Pluribus Unum* was given in letters of gold.

Following Columbia came a gay and motley procession: little black boys and girls in bright dresses, red Indians in their war gear, and many other impersonations. They bore the national banner, and as they crossed the stage sang lustily in chorus:

"'Tis the star-spangled banner, oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

Rich and suggestive was the appearance of the stage now, the right side being occupied with the allegorical pageant of Britannia, the left with that of Columbia; and it seemed to the enraptured audience—although as yet not a word had been spoken by either of these majestic personages—that the spectacle was complete. Was it not enough to behold such an impersonation of Britannia, the foster-mother of every man, woman, and child present, in the spirit if not in the letter, the arbitress of every fate, the mistress of every destiny, the love of all? Fitting, too, was it that the no less majestic daughter should be there too—that blooming Columbia, emblematic of the new empire and the new destiny awaiting generations unborn beyond seas.

The pageant, however, was but half over, and scarcely was the hubbub of admiration and bewilderment hushed, when a third procession was ushered in to the sound of slow and solemn music.

No part of the performance surpassed the representation of old Father Time. There was Mr. Constantine, bald as an egg, a halo round about his head, a long white beard drooping on his breast, on one shoulder the emblematic scythe, whilst from both drooped wings. Very venerable and picturesque he looked, and very impressive the utterances that now dropped from his lips.

"Hail, sweet ladies and honest gentlemen all!" he said, and he leaned on his staff in the middle of the stage, and looked up with a keen, searching smile. "Ah! when Time was young 'twas but a few who got these gentle names, and now every mother's son and daughter of you claims 'em, and rightly, too. Let us be jealous of 'em, for they mean nothing, or what should belong to all—independence, a high mind, a spirit to protect the weak. Every Eve shall be a lady, every Adam a gentleman, ere old Time's beard is half a yard longer. Hearken, dear babes and bantlings, 'tis old Father Time himself speaking; ye won't hear him any more! Give me, then, two ears and an understanding, and ye'll go forth the wiser, my little babes and unbreeched urchins, my pretty sucklings and stammerers, for is not the oldest white-headed grandsire among you as a freshly weaned poppet to Father Time, who never had a beginning and will never have any end at all? Well," here he struck his staff on the ground, "one thing let me hammer into your understandings. These modern times have scotched a serpent, of most venomous bite too. Its name is Privilege. Privilege is under the heel of honest men. The future of the world shall belong to ALL! No more prerogative except of inner manfulness and sterling worth, no more rank but of merit and virtue! So look well before and after. Let the woman's standard be the man's also. Keep your minds pure, your bodies chaste. Be pitiful to the beast. Let each individual's soul be as the just ruler of a fair kingdom. For heed the admonitions of Father Time! Man is born no slave to evil, but *free to choose the good!* Hail, Columbia! worthier daughter of a worthy mother. Father Time turns to thee with the rapture of a young lover a-wooing. No stars in the heaven fairer than the thirteen that glitter on thy brow, since they symbolize the right of mankind over its own destiny, and the right of one the right of all! Take these children. School them to independence and virtue. Whip the foolish and the lazy. Place a fool's cap on the dunce. Spare not the birch. But, dear goddess and schoolmistress of the whole wide world, let none shame thee and their country—Father Time's all-hail, amen, and final God bless you!"

The most poetic and enchanting part of the performance was Steppie Sadgrove's impersonation of Hope. For weeks, nay, months past, she had conjured up before her mind's eye this much-dreaded yet much-coveted scene, when sadness should drop from her as by magic, and for once, if for once only, she should be transformed into Hope's living embodiment. Nothing but a feeling of exhilaration was needed to work the necessary outward change. Steppie's gentle features, almost infantine still in their tenderness of outline and delicacy, had little look of care or maturity about them: a rosy smile, a dimpling of the cheek, a soft brightness of the eyes, and the wonderful transformation was complete.

As Steppie now appeared, surrounded by little Loves, rosy, cherubic, like herself, intoxicated with joy, she seemed to tread on air, enamored for the moment of rapture and bliss. One idea and one only was present to her mind, one phrase echoed and re-echoed to her memory:

"And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair."

A lovely line it is, and lovely it made Steppie look, as it took almost demoniac possession of her now. That fair yellow hair of hers was tossed as ecstatically as the tresses of a Bacchante, her blue eyes shone with mild lustre, her lips were parted in a rosy smile. She seemed to herself to be smiling on all the world, to have come down from some upper region on purpose to smile, and for one brief moment it did seem to her as if she should go on smiling to the end of her life. Surely no transitory joyance, no hallucinatory exuberance, was this, but a passage from one condition of being to another, a kind of resurrection to a new, more sunny life.

Steppie, looking round her, and seeing all these sallow, care-worn faces lighted up by her own smiles, catching the reflex of her own matchless mood, for a moment surpassed herself. She was drunken, but not with wine; her heart was made glad by a stimulant of less gross kind as she now smiled away the sadness of her own and a thousand hearts. "Oh!" she whispered to Arthura, a little later, when, all excitement over, she wiped away the joyful tears from her flushed cheeks—"oh! I should be so happy if I were not so miserable!"

It were hard to say what part of the spoken programme delighted the audience most—Britannia's farewell charge to her children and the step-mother to whose care she now consigned them; Columbia's reply, worded in the same magnanimous spirit; the weighty monitions of Time; or, lastly, the sweet, joyful utterances of Hope.

They understood every word—so, at least, they thought—as one by one the speakers advanced to the front of the stage and spoke in stately monologue—Britannia's parting admonition, Columbia's welcome, Time's oracular utterance, Hope's artless oratory. What else could all these mean but that they were to grow better, wiser, and happier in the New World and the new life awaiting them? One long word sounded very much like another in their unaccustomed ears, but the mere sound was inspiriting and oracular. Yes, Scripture itself was no clearer. They were going to a better land, and first on this side of the grave, not the other. A Providence, after all, had been watching over them, and the good things of life were not henceforth to be the exclusive portion of the rich—that is to say, the envied.

With the same smiles of childish wondering enjoyment they now dispersed to enjoy the flowers and shrubberies till the banquet should take place. This pleasant interlude, no less grateful to hosts than guests, lasted upward of an hour, without anything that could be called an incident. The children fed Stephana's swans on their miniature lake, the young girls studied the beautiful dresses of the ladies, the old folks sunned themselves, the men curiously inspected the mechanical arrangements of the theatre and pavilion. All were silent, demure, and happy.

Of the banquet no need to say a word. There was nothing enigmatic or oracular here, only plain, unmistakable enjoyment and instruction of a solid kind. Every one of the unaccustomed cates before them conveyed not only a pleasure but a lesson. The best possible lesson in cookery, indeed, is a bidding to a well-cooked dinner, and nothing we can preach about moderation and good manners so effective as example.

Herein was matter for thought for the hundreds of guests whose meals had been all their lives taken anyhow—sometimes not taken at all, and under the best of circumstances so poor and scanty as to afford hardly a gratification.

The banquet drawn to a close, and some toasts drunk with those light sweet Southern wines which just exhilarate and nothing more, it was Stephana's turn to say a few words.

Lovely indeed she looked as she stood up to perform this duty, her dress pure white, diamonds flashing in her dark hair and on her bosom; just behind her, the pair forming a striking contrast, red rose and white, Arthura in her sumptuous dress, with its rich crimson roses, warm carnation in her cheeks and on her lips, while Stephana's pearly complexion was paler than ever.

It was a simple speech enough that Stephana made, but it went straight as an arrow to every heart. She said exactly what a kind, wise friend should say under such circumstances—nothing approaching the sentimental—all crystal clear, forcible, to the purpose.

As she came to an end she glanced at Valerian and paused. Then, blushing rosy red, she added, her voice clear as a bell, reaching every ear: "I have a last word to say, and I am sure it will please you all to hear it. I have already mentioned one true friend of mine and yours;" here she inclined her head toward Markham, sitting near. "I must not leave off without speaking of another, since to him both you and I are equally indebted. You must know whom I mean: this kind and indefatigable friend, who went as a pioneer into the New World to select fair lands for you, who will ere long—that I dare undertake to promise—visit you, to see how all is prospering; nor will he come alone. We shall have your hearty prayers and wishes meanwhile, I know, for I may say to such good friends and well-wishers, this trusty keeper of mine is to be something more. When I visit you in your new, happy world it will be as his wife."

CHAPTER XLIV.

THE hour of separation had come, and yet Stephana's visitors lingered, as if unwilling to break the spell that bound them to her presence. All knew that there was now nothing to stay for. The last carmine streak had vanished from the western sky, the dews were falling, the signal for departure long ago given; but nobody stirred an inch in the direction of the gateway. It was a sweet place of peace and thanksgiving just now, this old-fashioned lawn, and as Stephana contemplated it her heart exulted within her. It seemed as if her dearest wishes were realized at last, and as if life had no more to give. Such moments of ecstasy happen to most of us once in a lifetime. Not the mere cup full to the brim of joy is raised to our lips, but a drop of elixir worth many brimming cups. First and foremost came the joyful conviction of having proved a kind of Providence to a thousand human lives. Thorns might spoil some of their roses; in these new waters 'twould not be all smooth sailing; but she had put each man, woman, and child in a fair way of holding up the head, showing, indeed, the true manly, true womanly, enriching them mentally and bodily so far that they need envy none. Next to this satisfaction came the feeling that two lives at least, and these two knit to her by ties of kindred, were made better, if not consciously happier, by her means. Christina lived now in the light of truth, and need no longer dread imminent retribution and remorse. Such atonement as it was in her power to make she had promised, and whether or no she thought herself happier, she was so past question. The weight of secret wrong-doing was lifted from her conscience. She could look her fellows in the face.

Over Valerian, Stephana rejoiced most of all. She said to herself now that Valerian's soul was hers indeed, and that not only had she awakened a conscience in his somewhat shallow nature, she had also touched his heart. Long ago he loved her, but he was now in sympathy with her, a result she set more store by. Passionless herself, she had never yet been moved by any man's passion. Valerian's unswerving devotion, however, and uncompromising acquiescence in her wishes, did now in reality awaken a warmer feeling than mere cousinly affection. She was intensely grateful to him for all that he had done for her, and drawn to him by the sacrifices he had made on her behalf. All that he had to give was hers—time, inclination, talents of no mean order. Surely, surely she should be satisfied, and not exact loftiness of soul accorded only to the few!

It seemed to Stephana just then that it was unreasonable to do less than try to love this poor Valerian a little in return for loving her so much. And his life hitherto had been a series of disappointments and mortifications. She must endeavor to be a Providence to him also, for who needed one more?

Of Markham, Stephana thought tenderly and serenely. Here all was security and assurance. Markham's magnanimous soul could well be left to take care of itself; and if she could not requite a no less magnanimous devotion, she could comfort herself with the thought that at least he had inner consolations.

If, then, consummate happiness is any mortal's portion for a brief spell, Stephana tasted it at that moment. As her eyes rested on the quiet yet animated scene before her they filled with blissful tears. This twilight calm, the fair day shutting like a flower, the fairer dawn to come, all these awakened within her breast a sense of rapturous contentment, the deeper because it was impersonal.

While she lingered thus in a little summer-house on the highest ground of her domain, for a moment isolating herself from the scattered groups below, soft strains of music caught her ear. It was the music of human voices only, and the strains, low almost to indistinctness at first, soon swelled into a rich volume of sound that reached from one end of the garden to the other.

The song that had been begun on the spur of the moment by one of the company present is familiar to most, and if anticipatory had nevertheless a peculiar appropriateness. If strange in the ears of some of these London-bred children, the melody was not difficult to catch, and prompters were at hand:

"Shades of evening, close not o'er us,
Leave our lonely bark awhile;
Morn, alas! will not restore us
Yonder dim and distant isle."

So erelong this sweet and simple song—a song no more, but one vast harmony of more than a thousand voices—filled the place and caught the attention of careless passers-by in the streets without.

At first pensive and tender, soon rising to deep, passionate strength, the artless melody, with its moving words, might well bring tears to eyes unaccustomed to weep at mere words. Not one, however, of Stephana's guests was in tearful mood just then as they gave vent to their feelings in the words:

"What would I not give to wander
Where my old companions dwell?
Absence makes the heart grow fonder.
Isle of beauty, fare thee well!"

There was just a touch of sentiment, but hardly sorrow, in the minds of the emigrants as they now filed past her in little bands, directing their steps toward the garden gate, their minds being at last made up that they *must* go. On the longest day of the year who can say when night begins? And in the liquid pearliness of this exquisite twilight every feature of the picture was clear as in broad day.

There was Valerian, having Christina on his arm, whilst they halted listening to the song, Valerian joining in it. Not far off was Markham, led by a little girl, yet all the time leading the whole. And there was Mr. Constantine, his last word of wisdom spoken, yet so far overcoming his weariness as to wait for departure. And Steppie was there, a child among the children, a toddling thing held by each hand—all singing as if their very lives depended on it.

But where was Arthura?

The thought had hardly crossed Stephana's mind when she heard her name called, and looking up, saw her standing near. What a contrast the two presented! Stephana radiant, yet calm as this silvery twilight; Arthura atremble and aglow with passion, her cheeks red as the roses in her hair, her eyes bright as the jewel glittering in Stephana's.

Had not Stephana been intensely absorbed by her own tranquillizing thoughts she must have noticed the extraordinary excitement, almost wildness, of her companion, reined in for the moment, but evident nevertheless. Stephana was too happy to be alive to anything going on around her just then, and out of the fullness of joy could not resist taking the girl's hand, even kissing her, as a sister might have done in some ineffable moment that belonged to both.

"Oh!" she cried, "look at these happy people! Not one of all these hundreds of hearts but is mine! How rich, how more than blessed, am I to have such love, such benedictions!"

Arthura stood for a moment in painfulest conflict. The word was on her lips which would for once and for all shake these joyous confidences and dispel these blissful illusions. How could she say it? How could she hold her peace? It seemed to her as she paused thus, a thing of evil passions hateful to herself, love like hate within her bosom, that it was a bounden duty to turn and flee. What business had she among Stephana's hopes, beautiful as these large midsummer flowers shining out of the pearly light? Better, far better, to bury her own miserable passions, and let those who would delude themselves with dreams of love and loyal affection.

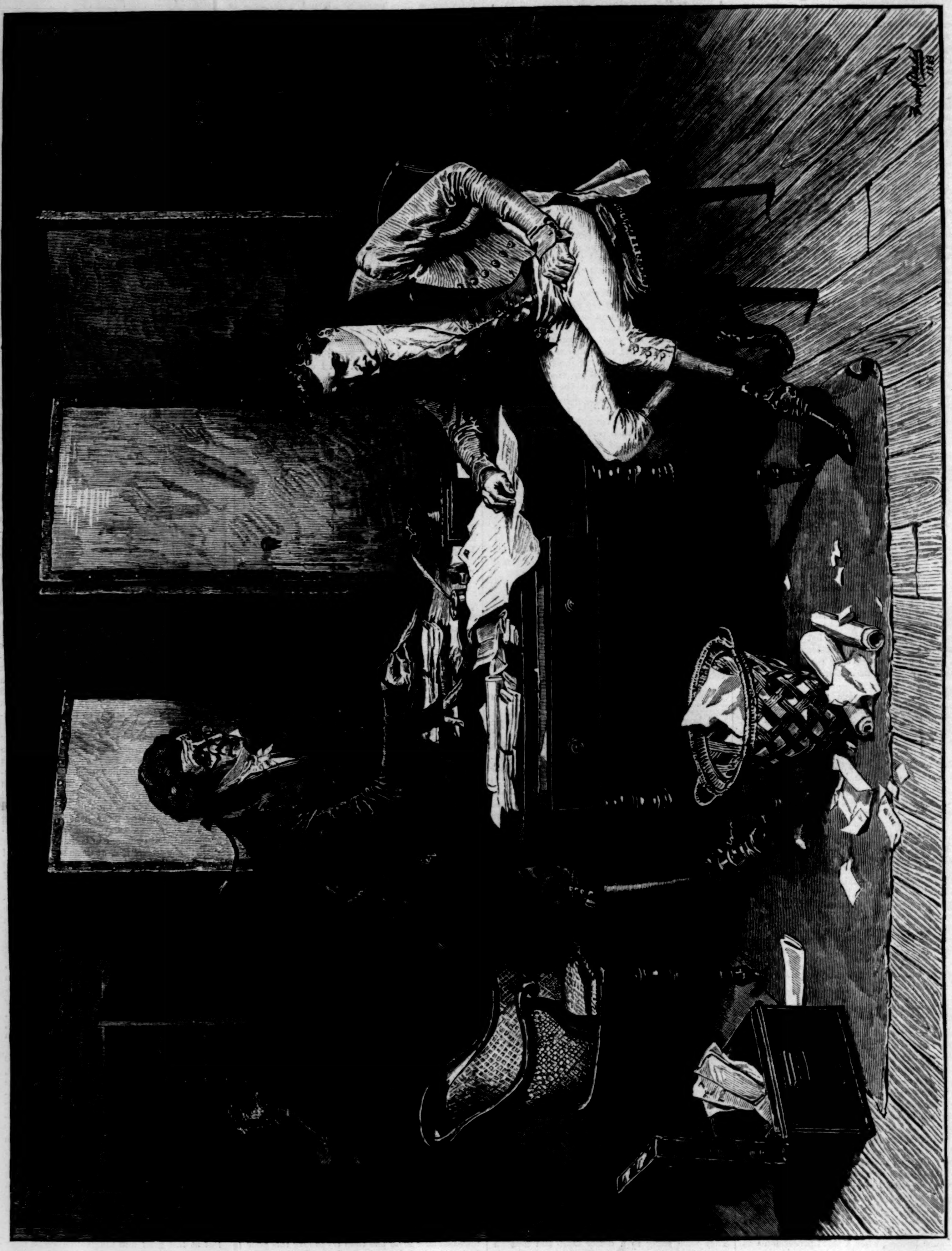
To Arthura's warm, robust nature there was sacredness as well as mystery about this pale, sweet Stephana; it seemed to her as if, like the mystic lady of the poem, "she had no companion of mortal race"; and now, with this burning hatred at her heart, and almost a craving for common vengeance, she still hesitated to speak out.

Had no Stephana been by, and deadly weapons at hand, she felt that she would have rushed forward to stab her lover's, false lover's, heart as he stood within ear-shot, outwardly calm and smiling, inwardly, it must be, at warfare with himself. The soothing influence of Stephana's presence, the cool evening hour, the mixed pathos and solemnity of these parting strains, for a while checked Arthura's vindictive mood.

But at last grief and indignation would have their way. Stephana must know all. She could not keep silence a moment longer.

"Stephana!" she cried, breaking from that sisterly hold, "all is not as you think. If there is wizardry in your eyes, use it now. Discover the fallen angel, the one black heart among all these, and smite him to the ground with scorn where he stands!"

Stephana started and looked at Arthura doubtingly, wondering if indeed she were smit with sudden craziness. But the truth of the girl's wild words was written in her face and in one other that shrank from their gaze now. Arthura's words he had hardly caught, but the meaning of this strange scene flashed across Valerian's mind then. Arthura's look of passion, Stephana's sad astoundment, the silence, the shock, were not to be misinterpreted. In a moment his position became clear to him. There was no place for a



"IN THE TOILS."—From the Painting by Frank Dadd.

Valerian beside these true-hearted women. He had wronged both past forgiveness. Except for his mother, he was alone. She at least could understand the weakness and crookedness that had let him into this pitfall. She at least could never reproach him with cowardice and double-dealing. She was disarmed. They were quits. Valerian stirred not. His white face told no tale in that dim light; but had Stephana and Arthura been able to read it, some compassion might have been awakened on his behalf. For the first time in his life he was now brought face to face with himself—with meanness, with falseness, with worldliness. Yet in spite of all these, a higher aspiration, an instinct of better things, was his. He needed something better than the old life begun over again with Christina, deprived of all that had before made it bearable—Stephana's friendship, Arthura's love!

Valerian stirred not, although there seemed poltroonery in inaction. Once he moved forward, as if impelled to say a word on his own behalf, but the faces of the pair were averted. They would perhaps turn from him as from a serpent, perhaps never speak to him again!

"Come," he said to his companion, "we are not wanted here any longer. Let us go home."

"Without a word of good-by to Stephana?" asked Christina, in a tone of surprise.

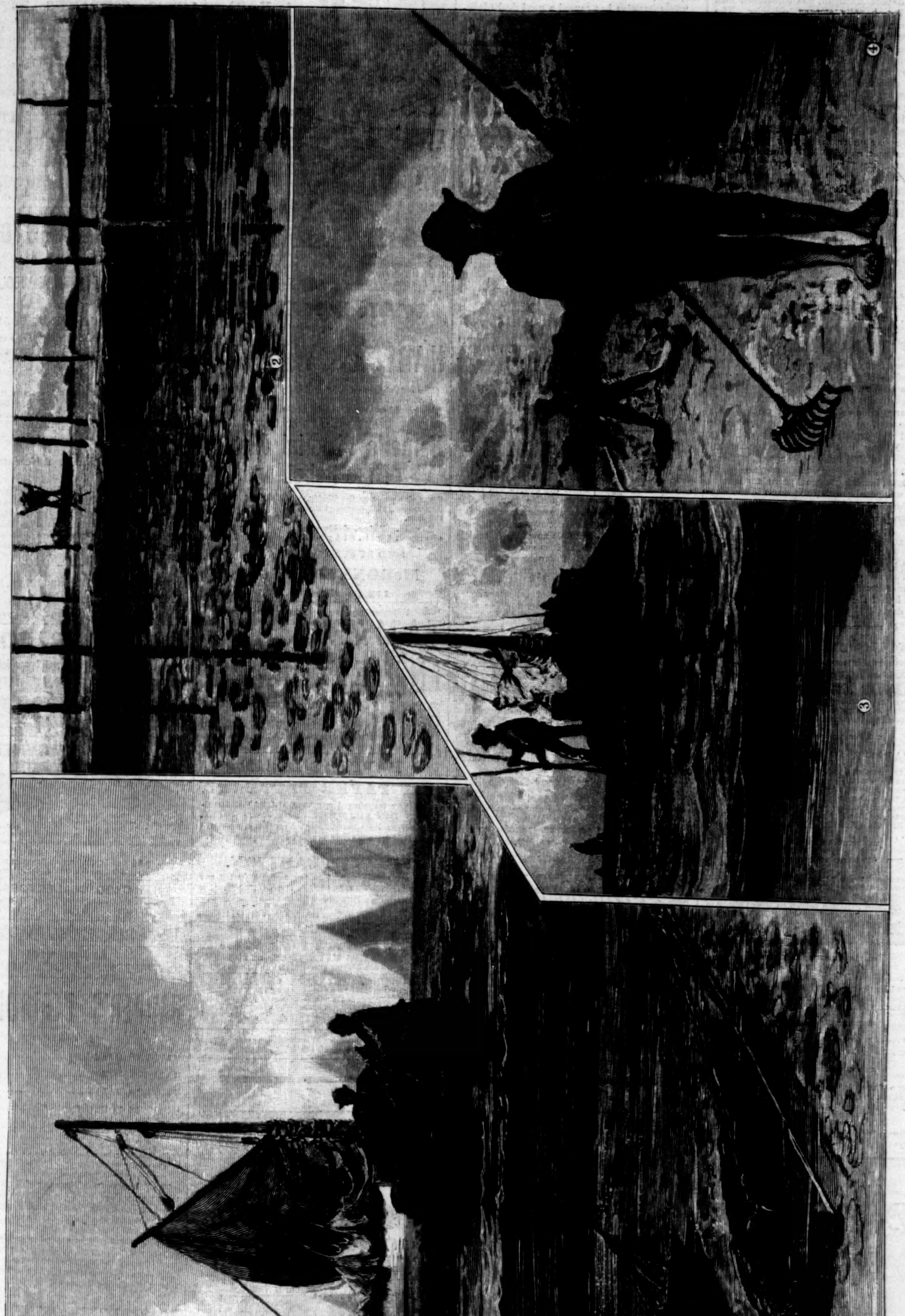
"At least we are not going to America!" he said, as he made this retort feeling drearily and bitterly how much wider and deeper the gulf between him and these two noble women than the broad Atlantic. Then he hurried her away, passing unobserved through the crowd of miscellaneous guests to the carriage that awaited them at the gateway.

So whilst Markham marshalled his little bands toward their gayly decorated cars, the burden of their song still kept up by those who remained in the rear, Stephana and Arthura were left more and more to themselves. And soon in that heavenly summer twilight, fragrant with lilies and roses, pale, silvery stars gleaming out of the pearly heavens, they found themselves alone.

The singing had now died away altogether, and the last stragglers had gone, Stephana's beautiful rose garden abandoned to its mistress.

With a sudden impulse, half of craving for sympathy, half of deep womanly compassion, Stephana now caught the weeping girl to her bosom, and the pair were fast locked in each other's arms. To both it was a moment of supreme valediction. One wept pure womanly tears, as if her heart were breaking over a lost love; the other, as an angel over a perjured soul she had tried to redeem.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



1. Dredging. 2. Oyster Lot. 3. Tonging Clams. 4. Clammer.

OYSTER AND CLAM FISHERIES.—Drawn by Gaston Fay.—[See Page 519.]

A JAM OF LOGS.

In the latter part of July the picturesque city of Grand Rapids, Michigan, was threatened with a serious but happily averted calamity. The Grand River, on which the city stands, at that place descends toward Lake Michigan with a fall of eighteen feet to the mile, and the current attains an impetuous velocity. About three miles above the city an immense boom of pine logs had been gathered from the upper waters and smaller feeders of the river. Heavy rain-storms, extending over several days, caused the river to overflow its banks, carrying away many dams and bridges. On Monday, July 23, the great boom gave way under the mighty pressure of the swollen river, and 60,000,000 feet of logs of all kinds and sizes were sent sweeping down toward the city.

Just above Grand Rapids the progress of the logs was arrested by the large bridge of the Detroit and Milwaukee Railroad. The river on one side was a mass of logs, piled up in some places to the height of fifteen or twenty feet above the level of the water, and packed nearly to the river bed. So dense was this mass of logs that the water only forced its way through with difficulty, and backed up, flooding the country for miles around, and increasing tremendously the pressure, against which the bridge stood like a giant. On Thursday, the 26th, the bridge succumbed, and the immense mass of logs and water went tearing down-stream with terrible force. One large span, weighing one hundred tons, was carried one hundred feet down-stream on the logs. The bridges of the Grand Rapids and Indiana and Chicago and West Michigan railroads were torn out and swept down in sections fully four miles, but the large bridge of the Lake Shore Railroad, below the city, proved to be strong enough to withstand the pressure. It is estimated that 30,000,000 feet of logs were stranded on the river-banks. Had this bridge given way, at least 60,000,000 feet of lumber would have been swept into the lake, involving a great pecuniary loss.

There was considerable excitement in the city during the critical period, and the people generally were greatly alarmed at the threatened disaster. Hundreds visited the scene of the jam, and men and boys walked out long distances over the logs. When at length the news went out that the worst was over there was a feeling of great relief. The railroad officers telegraphed immediately for estimates for replacing the lost bridges, and it is hoped the repairs will be completed at an early day.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

UNANIMOUS APPROVAL OF MEDICAL STAFF.

DR. T. G. COMSTOCK, Physician at Good Samaritan Hospital, St. Louis, Mo., says: "For years we have used it in this hospital, in dyspepsia and nervous diseases, and as a drink during the decline and in the convalescence of lingering fevers. It has the unanimous approval of our medical staff."—[*Adv.*]

STARIN'S GLEN ISLAND.

"IT is as near fairyland, probably, as any place in this part of the world."—*N. Y. Times.*

"The odor of new-mown hay, the perfume of countless roses, the soft breeze, the trim lawns, and the well-kept paths appeal to the visitors.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Steamers leave Pier 18, North River, and Foot of 33d St., East River, and Jewell's Wharf, Brooklyn.—[*Adv.*]

A MOST ACCEPTABLE PRESENT.

ARE you about visiting your friends in the country, where there are plenty of Mosquitoes? If so, take them a bottle of Dr. Tobias's Venetian Liniment. It instantly removes irritation caused by insect stings of all kinds. Those who have ever used the article pronounce it invaluable. As it is warranted to give satisfaction or the money refunded proves it to be no humbug. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by all druggists.—[*Adv.*]

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Is removed by the use of Cocoaine, and it stimulates and promotes the growth of the hair. Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are the best—[*Adv.*]

C. C. SHAYNE, Fur Manufacturer, 103 Prince St., N.Y., sends Fur Fashion Book free. Send your address.-[*Adv.*]

HALFORD SAUCE is conceded the standard relish. Halford Sauce improves soups, fish, gravies, meats, etc. —[*Adv.*]

DR. FENNER'S ST. VITUS DANCE SPECIFIC.—One bottle always cures. Circular, Fredonia, N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

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IS ALUM POISONOUS?

DR. HALL'S *Journal of Health*, in a recent issue, says:

"This question has caused a good deal of discussion. Alum is used by many bakers to whiten their bread, enabling them to use an inferior flour. It is more extensively employed as a cheap substitute for cream of tartar in the manufacture of baking powders. It has not been considered immediately dangerous; although, if continued, it induces dyspepsia and obstinate constipation. But the fact that many cases of poisoning have occurred from baking powders which contained alum, puts the question in a more serious aspect, and prudent people will exercise caution in the selection of baking powders.

"Under what conditions, then, does this substance—formerly used only for mechanical or medicinal purposes—become poisonous? They are certainly obscure, and at present we can only surmise what they may be. We suspect that the cause exists in the individual poisoned; some peculiarity of the constitution producing a morbid change in the secretions of the stomach, with which the alum combines and forms an active poison; or the secretions may be healthy but in unusual proportions, and that these less or greater proportions, in combination with the alum, constitute a poison.

"For example, two parts of mercury and two parts of chlorine form calomel, which is not poisonous; but change the proportions to one part of mercury and two parts of chlorine, and we get corrosive sublimate, which is a deadly poison.

"Then, again, we know nothing of the causes of constitutional peculiarities. Why is it that one person can eat all kinds of green fruits and vegetables with impunity, while the same course might cost another individual his life? One person can handle poison ivy and sumac without being in the least affected; another is poisoned if he approaches to within ten feet of them. Out of a family residing in a malarial district, some of the members will suffer half the year with fever and ague, while the others will enjoy excellent health during the entire year. Foods that are wholesome to some persons are actually poisonous to others. This is especially true of some kinds of fish. There is no safety in taking alum into the stomach, as it is shown to be always injurious, and often dangerous. Baking powders properly compounded, and containing pure cream of tartar instead of alum, are more convenient than yeast; and bread and pastry made with them are just as wholesome, and far more palatable. We are in entire sympathy with the manufacturers of the Royal Baking Powder—who commenced and are vigorously conducting the war against the use of alum in baking powders.

"Before committing ourselves, however, we made tests of a sufficient number of baking powders to satisfy ourselves that the substitution of alum for cream of tartar in their composition has not been overestimated, while a careful examination of the Royal Baking Powder confirms our belief that Dr. Mott, the Government Chemist, when he singled out and commended this powder for its wholesomeness, did it wholly in the interests of the public.

"We do not hesitate to say that the Royal Baking Powder people deserve the gratitude of the community whom they are endeavoring to protect.

"Will not some prominent manufacturer of pure Candies follow their example, and expose the secrets of a business that is doing untold mischief to little children?"

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In place of cotton-wool, a little of The Frank Siddalls Soap should be kept pressed between the nail and tender flesh—one trial will prove its superiority over cotton-wool.

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For Washing Old Running Sores, Bed Sores, Cuts, Wounds and Burns; for washing Chafed Places on Infants and Adults; for use by persons suffering with Salt-Rheum, Tetter, Ringworm, Itching Piles, Eruptions on the Face, and for children afflicted with Scaly Incrustations, it is without any of the injurious effects often experienced when other soap is used, while for washing the invalid it is a most valuable aid to the Physician, by the thoroughness with which it removes the exhalations from the skin that would otherwise counteract the action of his medicines by closing up the pores, and which cannot be accomplished by any other soap.

Letters from well-known Physicians, describing their experience in their practice with The Frank Siddalls Soap, leave no doubt of the truth of these assertions.

Use it for Washing Sores on the Feet, caused by walking or wearing tight shoes.
Always leave plenty of the lather on—dont rinse the lather off.

For washing Graduate Measures and Mortars it is better than anything else.

—FOR THE TOILET IT IS SIMPLY PERFECTION—

All Perfumes are injurious to the Skin; *The Frank Siddalls Soap is not perfumed,* but has an agreeable odor from its ingredients, that is always pleasant, even to an invalid; it never leaves any odor on the Skin; the face never has any of the unpleasant gloss that other soaps produce: it should always be used for washing the hands and face of those troubled with Chapped Skin:—*a child will not dread having its face washed when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used,* as it does not cause the eyes to smart with the dreaded intense sting that even Imported Castile Soap often causes; it always leaves the skin Soft and Smooth.

No tooth-powder or tooth-wash will compare with it.
A little on the tooth-brush makes the mouth, teeth and gums perfectly clean.
It leaves a pleasant aromatic taste, a sweet breath, and a clean tooth-brush.

It is especially adapted for toilet use with the hard water of the West and in Lake-water.

PERSONS WHO DESPISE A MUSTY SPONGE or WASH-RAG will appreciate The Frank Siddalls Soap. Whenever either a Sponge or Wash-rag has a disagreeable smell, it is due entirely to the so-called fine toilet soap that is such a favorite with you; it is the place of soap to keep a sponge or wash-rag sweet and clean, and The Frank Siddalls Soap will do it without any occasion to expose it to the air or sun.

When used for washing the head it is better than Shampooing; plenty of the rich, white lather should be left in the hair (*not washed out;*) it entirely does away with the use of Hair Tonic, Bay Rum, Bandoline, Pomade, or any hair dressing. Used this way it removes dandruff, the hair will not collect dust, and there will not be any itching of the scalp:—Coat Collars, Hat Linings and Neck-wear will keep clean much longer.

—Try it for washing your Eye-Glasses and Spectacles.—

The Frank Siddalls Soap is superior to Benzine or Ammonia for Cleaning Coat Collars, and for removing Grease Spots, etc., and is guaranteed not to injure the garment.

—ODD USES—QUAINT USES—SPECIAL USES—

Eminent Physicians claim that skin diseases, such as Tetter, Ringworm, Pimples, etc., are caused by Soap made from rancid grease; use The Frank Siddalls Soap and avoid all such troubles.

Artificial Teeth and Artificial Eyes will retain their original brilliancy unimpaired when kept washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap.

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Wash your Dog with The Frank Siddalls Soap; leave plenty of the lather in its hair, and you will be surprised at the improvement; a dog washed with this Soap will be too clean to harbor fleas

Use it for taking grease spots out of fine carpets and for cleaning rag carpets; also for cleaning garments of every description. It is better than Benzine or Hartshorn for cleaning clothing, and is guaranteed not to injure the fabric.

Use it for wiping off oil cloths, linoleum, &c.—IT KEEPS THE COLORS BRIGHT, *and as it does away with scrubbing them, they will of course last much longer,*

The hands of those at farm work, when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, *will not chap* from husking corn, driving teams, and other out-door employment, *but of course* home-made soap, toilet soap or any other kind MUST NOT BE USED (*not even Castile Soap*).

It is invaluable to farmers for washing wool before carding it, or before selling it.

Milk Pans, Churns and Milk Utensils when washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap will be as clean and sweet as new, and do NOT require scalding or putting in the sun. It also THOROUGHLY removes the smell from the hands after milking.

HOW A LADY CAN GET THE SOAP TO TRY

at Places where it is Not Sold at the Stores.

Send the retail price 10 cents in money or Postage Stamps. Say she saw the advertisement in "HARPER'S WEEKLY." Only send for One Cake, and make these 2 promises:

Promise No. 1—That the Soap shall be used the first wash-day after receiving it and that every bit of the family wash shall be done with it.

Promise No. 2—That the person sending will personally see that the printed directions for using the Soap shall be exactly followed.

By return mail, a regular 10-cent cake of Soap will be sent, *postage prepaid;* it will be packed in a neat iron box to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in Postage Stamps will be put on. All this is done for 10 cents *because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen to sell it to the stores.*

If your letter gets no attention, it will be because you have not made the promises, or because you have sent for more than one cake.

Make the promises very plain, or the Soap will NOT be sent.

A Cake will be sent Free of Charge to the Wife of a Grocer and the Wife of a Minister if the above TWO promises are made.

No intelligent woman will refuse to try such a clean, sensible invention.

How to Tell a Person of Refinement.

A Person of Refinement will be glad to adopt a new, easy, clean way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy way

How to Tell a Person of Intelligence.

A Person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible directions.

How to Tell a Person of Honor.

A Person of Honor will scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy the Soap and not follow the directions so strongly urged.

How to Tell Sensible Persons.

Sensible Persons will not get mad, but will feel thankful that their attention has been directed to better methods.

And now dont get the old wash-boiler mended, but next wash-day give one honest trial to Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

Only One Cake must be sent for, but after trying it, dealers will buy it from their wholesale houses to accommodate you, or you can order direct from the Factory.

You must NOT send for more than one cake:
if a friend wants to try it, she must send in a separate letter.

And Now for the Clean, Neat, Easy, Genteel Ladylike FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

There is nothing intricate about these directions:—any child over 12 years of age—who has common sense—will have no trouble in following them:—

A Wash-boiler MUST NOT be used *NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER,* and as the wash-water must only be lukewarm, a small kettle holds enough for a large wash.

A Wash-boiler will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, *in spite of the most careful housekeeper,* which injures the delicate ingredients that are in this Soap

Be sure to heat the water in the tea-kettle
THE FIRST TIME, *no matter how odd it seems.*

Wash the White Flannels with the other White Pieces.

Be sure to always make the last water soapy; the clothes will NOT smell of the soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn, and stains that have been overlooked in washing will bleach out while drying, and the clothes will iron easier.

Always dissolve a small piece of Soap in the starch; it makes the ironing easier, and the clothes handsomer.

The Frank Siddalls Soap washes freely in hard water without Soda, Lye, or any washing compound; dont use Borax, Ammonia, or any other soap on any of the wash.

FIRST—Dip one of the garments in a tub of lukewarm water; draw it out on a wash-board, and rub the Soap LIGHTLY over it so as not to waste it, being particular not to miss soaping any of the soiled places.

Then ROLL IT IN A TIGHT ROLL, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and go on the same way until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up.

Then go away for 20 minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let The Frank Siddalls Soap do its work.

NEXT—After soaking the FULL time, commence rubbing the clothes LIGHTLY on a wash-board AND THE DIRT WILL DROP OUT; turn the garments inside out to get at the seams, *but DONT use any more Soap;* DONT SCALD OR BOIL A SINGLE PIECE, OR THEY WILL TURN YELLOW; and DONT wash through two suds. If the wash-water gets too dirty, dip some out and add a little clean water; if it gets too cold for the hands add some hot water out of the tea-kettle.

If a Streak is hard to wash, rub some more Soap on it and throw it back into the suds for a few minutes.

NEXT COMES THE RINSING—which is to be done in lukewarm water, AND IS FOR THE PURPOSE OF GETTING THE DIRTY SUDS OUT, and is to be done as follows: Wash each piece LIGHTLY on a wash-board through the rinse-water (*without using any more Soap*) AND SEE THAT ALL THE DIRTY SUDS ARE GOT OUT. ANY SMART HOUSEKEEPER WILL KNOW JUST HOW TO DO THIS.

NEXT, the blue-water, which can be either lukewarm or cold: Use little or no Blueing, for this Soap takes the place of Blueing. STIR A PIECE OF THE SOAP in the blue-water UNTIL THE WATER GETS DECIDEDLY SOAPY. Put the clothes THROUGH THIS SOAPY BLUE-WATER, wring them, and hang up to dry WITHOUT ANY MORE RINSING and WITHOUT SCALDING or BOILING A SINGLE PIECE.

Afterwards soap the Colored Pieces and Colored Flannels, let them stand 20 minutes to 1 hour, and wash the same way as the white pieces, being sure to make the last rinse-water soapy.

THE MOST DELICATE COLORS WILL NOT FADE WHEN WASHED THIS WAY, BUT WILL BE THE BRIGHTER.

Address all Letters:—OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP 1019 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.